HULNE ABBEY.

VOL. I.

In the Press,

NEW TALES OF MY LANDLORD,

SECOND SERIES,

CONTAINING

THE FAIR WITCH OF GLAS LLYN.

" These signs have stamped me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do shew
I am not in the roll of common men."

HULNE ABBEY,

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MRS. FREDERICK LAYTON,
FORMERLY MISS JEMIMA PLUMPTRE.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION
TO
THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Minerva's sense in thee we find
With Juno's lovely form;
Venus herself in thee's outshone,
In every grace and charm.

VOL. I.

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Super Royal 1830

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

YOUR GRACE has obligingly condescended to allow a work, depicting some of the beautiful scenery of your princely domains in Northumberland, to be dedicated to you. A residence of some months in the romantic scenery of Alnwick, has impressed me with the pleasing recollections of the grandeur of the country, and a high veneration for the character of your Grace.

The rich and the powerful are endowed with godlike qualities, if they have the heart to impart blessings to their inferiors: how happy

do the cottagers dwell upon your Grace's estate! Their habitations are neat, and a school is provided for their children—veteran soldiers find a peaceful asylum for their old age—public buildings and distressed objects, record the munificence of the princely spirit of the owner of Alnwick Castle. Such virtues we must devoutly hope will never die; but the future scions of the house of Percy may continue to bless, and protect, the extensive county of Northumberland.

An undaunted spirit is an immortal virtue in the noble family. The Crusades, the wars of the Red and White Rose, and the Border Feuds, abound with records of the prowess of the Percy family.

In the last reign the father of your Grace sustained a distinguished

part in the American war; and the noble family spirit, diffused amongst the retainers, organized in the last war a formidable phalanx, for one family to lead into the field. Proud felt the Percy tenantry to be formed for war, by a youthful hero—son of the gallant veteran, who had devoted his days of health to the service of his country; Hotspur appeared again alive to their admiring eyes;—that posterity may know the gratitude they feel for the prosperity enjoyed under the fostering shade of the family, a magnificent pillar is now erected in Alnwick, as the tribute of gratitude for munificent protection; and that was raised at a period when various parts of the kingdom groaned under deprivations and want.

At the University, your Grace

was distinguished by such exemplary conduct, and attention to study, rarely found in so exalted a station of life. that, had they not been honoured by the nephew of our late beloved Sovereign (who was equally distinguished for exemplary conduct, attention to literature, and the most amiable private character) accepting the situation of Chancellor, it would have been the wish of a large majority to have placed your Grace as the first character of the University of Cambridge.

I remain Your Grace's
much obliged, most obedient
and devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

View Nature's walk, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise.

THE following work was suggested to the mind of the Author, by being acquainted with a village, in which resided a Lady who did all the good in her power to her neighbours, and a female, of inferior degree, who was tyrannical and oppressive to every one around her—ever-aiming at aggrandizing herself, no matter by what means the end was attained.

It was thought a work might be beneficial to society, wherein the two extremes of the female character were depicted. The Author had frequently been solicited to write a work depicting characters, as she was thought to have some talents in that line. The life of an amiable female is so much in domestic scenes, it is difficult to avoid such a character having the imputation of being stupid. Scenes in low life, and of vice, must be disgusting to many. To avoid disgusting with insipidity or vice, is not easy in depicting the charac-

ters of an amiable and a vicious woman. To have the one attractive, so as to induce others "to go and do likewise," and to shun the latter like Scylla, or Charybdis.

> This teach me more than hell to shun,
> That more than heaven pursue!

is the object aimed at. Very little is brought forward in any character that is not fact. Some incidents have been distributed amongst the characters, as they amalgamated with them, being too choice to be omitted, and to have brought in all the performers, would have overstocked the work with a Dramatis Personæ, without a sufficient variety of incident belonging to them.

It is not customary, in works of fancy, to make the virtuous happy, and the vicious unhappy. But if life is impartially surveyed, it will be found the scale preponderates to give the balance to virtue in this life; temperance commonly produces health, and rectitude peace of mind. Let the world frown—let hollow friends forsake—let envy detract, and malignity throw her blackening mantle over every action, still a good conscience is a shield and buckler, and a rock of defence, through the thorny way; and howsoever little apparent happiness

the virtuous may possess, peace of mind is an invaluable jewel, that will in all storms and distresses speak peace to the bosom. Look to the vicious, with their wealth, their grandeur, their sensuality: do their tottering limbs and haggard features bespeak health of mind or body? They live without happiness, and die without hope: in the midst of mirth their hearts are sad. The famous sensualist, L—d L——n, was the victim of superstition: a story of a child, his affrighted imagination wrought into a supernatural appearance, made him tremble. The virtuous have no cause to envy the wicked in this life; howsoever they may abound in the outward luxuries and magnificence of the world, it is but splendid misery: the pill, though gilded, still is a bitter pill to swallow.

Those who abstain from carnal vices, drunkenness, gaming, &c., and *only* indulge in lies, defamation, idleness, and gossipping; and vainly flatter themselves they are performing the part of a good Christian; plainly shew they are not happy. Does not restlessness, peevishness, the worm that never dies, eternally gnaw their hearts? Christianity was meant for our happiness on earth,

as well as to prepare us for heaven; and those who most rigidly adhere to the christian character will possess the largest portion of happiness on earth; and their hope, full of immortality, will always cheer them through the thorny way. But the outward profession of the forms of Christianity does not constitute the Christian. "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?" says our blessed Saviour. To go to church regularly, and be in a conspicuous place, have a very smart dress, and talk with your neighbours of the occurrences of the week,—is not to be a Christian. The christian warfare is not to have your hand raised against those who excel in beauty, accomplishments, or superior wealth, but to conquer and subdue the evil propensities of the heart.

What faults you've seen in me, strive well to shun;
For look at home, there's something to be done,

is an excellent piece of advice on a tombstone in a village church-yard.

To search out the faults of others should only be for the purpose to take warning, and avoid them: not to denounce them to the world: such conduct is only like the French reformers: and had the Winifred

Wormwoods the power to bring their victims to the guillotine, or fusilade, they would not stop short in merely denouncing. Many have fallen by the sword, but how many more by the tongue? Is not the carnage in a party of grimalkins more dreadful than it was in the battle of Waterloo; that was to rid the world of a tyrant: but what is the object of the Tabbies? to endeavour to level superiority of mind and person to their own level; their tongues may be compared to the bed of Procrustes, that would have mankind reduced to one standard.

The character of Sir Robert de Grey is drawn from life, and will, probably, be recognised by those who had the advantage of his acquaintance. He was, in domestic life, as great a national blessing, as the Duke of Wellington in public life. I have heard him called one man in a thousand, and a particular man, that men must not be expected to be found like him. Though long since called to the bosom of his Father and his God, his name is still dear in his neighbourhood; and his worth still more duly appreciated, now the loss of such a character is felt, than whilst living. Mrs. Silke and Mrs. Frost, with all their boasts of

ancestry, have no such character to produce in their family. It is a sure sign of want of worth, in a character, when so much boast is made of their servants and horses. It is never recorded of the Duke of Wellington how many horses he travels with, or what retinue.

Dr. Welsh is a character that too much abounds in the world; the rich glutton is known to all; he passes through life a martyr to the gout, and various diseases; the effect of intemperance and indolence. Though often racked with pain, and tortured by diseases, that shut out the influence of balmy sleep, and refuse to steep the senses in forgetfulness, he is insensible to the wants and woes of others. Never has his heart expanded to the delightful music of making the widow's heart sing for joy, or his flinty bosom clasped a repentant prodigal. He can with the stern indifference of the priest and Levite, when he beholds the naked, wounded, solitary traveller, pass relentless by *on the other side:* is such a character purified for the kingdom of Heaven? When we contemplate such a wretched piece of mortality, does not the Pythagorean idea of the transmigration of

souls, occur to every thinking observer? Must not such a sensualist be purified in another state, before he is the meet inhabitant of the kingdom of heaven? The witty Soame Jenyns, would doom him to do penance as a beggar woman big with child, bearing another on her back, whipping about from parish to parish to find out her settlement. The awful warning of Nebuchadnezzar is unheeded; let every unfeeling heart think, and reflect, that even a crown exempts not from the wrath of Heaven. Englishmen cannot say they have learnt inhumanity from the late example on the throne. Our late excellent King has shewn, for a series of years, a heart feelingly alive to the virtues of a christian; and many are the benevolent acts recorded of his representative.

To have all mankind benevolent, one who has the virtue of the Pharisees, and gives his alms, "to be seen of men," said, would be to make earth heaven. But only those who are benevolent and kind-hearted to one another, are disciples of the blessed Jesus. Those who can mock at their Redeemer, can, and do, mock at the distresses of their fellow-creatures; and instead of oil and

wine to wounds, they apply bitter words; and so far from remembering, those *only without sin* are to throw the first stone, the most sinful are ever the most bitter against an erring, fallible, fellow-labourer, through the vale of tears. Instead of peace and goodwill, being the characteristics of christianity, it might be supposed, from the conduct of pretended professors, that it was envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, were the christian graces. Many of the pretended followers of Christ, are inveterate against the Bible Society: such would prefer a Society for the distribution of Hoyle on Whist. Cards and devotion, are said to fill up the latter part of the life of ancient maidens: but I fear those who mingle cards and devotion, are not very orthodox in the latter: that they go to church, *to be seen of men*, to inquire for an evening engagement, and to talk over the occurrences of the last night's rubber.

The christian manual is short, simple, and easily followed. To do justice, to love mercy, and walk humbly with our God. Such *only* is the path to happiness.

HULNE ABBEY.

CHAPTER I.

> Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love.

Sir Robert de Grey was the last surviving male of the ancient and highly respectable family of the de Greys, of Hulne Abbey, in the county of Northumberland. This old and venerable Abbey is situated on an eminence, surrounded by woods and luxuriant plantations, with the rocky-bedded Aln winding at its feet; and facing the proud and towering eminence of Mount Carmel; which rears its majestic head in

stately grandeur, crowned with the lofty tower of Brisley. The extent of the view from the top of the tower is boundless as the benevolence of the owner, and commands an extent of prospect inconceivably grand. To the west stretches the fertile vale of Whittingham, through which glides the meandering river Aln, murmuring over its rocky bed; having its environs adorned with the seats of Eslington, Bolton, Callaly, Shawden, Broom-park, and Lemington; while the eye traces its sinuosities, till it is seen almost encircling Hulne Abbey; as if emulous to add to the beauties of that highly-favoured situation; where art and nature seem to vie in adding their choicest embellishments. To the north-west, the vast mountains of Cheviot erect their huge conic heads; between the cavities of which the still more distant blue hills of Tiviotdale, in Scotland, add a charm of feature to the landscape. The beacon

in Chillingham park is perceptible; and, in a clear day, the memorable field of Flodden, where the valorous and amorous James* the Fourth of Scotland was slain, is distinguished. The rude mountains to the north appear finely contrasted with a variety of hills and dales, which are cultivated to their summits. To the east are rich verdant vales, which form a luxuriant circle round the naet town of Alnwick; over which the stately castle rears its head in proud magnificence; with the Aln laving its green meadows, and winding down through luxuriant scenery to the sea. And to crown this scene with all that is rich, grand, beautiful, and magnificent, Old

* James the Fourth was seduced by the bewitching wiles of Lady Ford, of Ford Castle, to loiter away so much time there, that the English gathered strength and his army relaxed in discipline: his error was expiated with his life: let him and Nelson serve as warnings to beware the arts of the syren.

Ocean's self nobly terminates the view to the east and west. The busy scene of shipping forms a moving picture agreeably contrasted to mountains, vales, and the grandeur of architecture. Upon the margin of the sea, on a bold rock, stands Bambrough Castle; to the southward the ruins of Dunstanbrough remain, and shew the ravages of the ruthless hand of time. The little port of Alemouth rears its diminished head, where it is proudly overlooked by the towering remains of Warkworth Castle, which, with Coquet Island, add beautiful features to the landscape; and the high land of Durham terminates the prospect to the south. To the south-west, a wild rude moor, part of the ancient forest of Haydon, rises still higher than the lofty Mount Carmel, and affords pasturage to large herds of cattle, and the nimble-footed goat.

This may truly be called a magnificent

and unparalleled prospect; and after describing the distant grandeur, let not the minuter features of nearer beauties be passed over in silence. After quitting the commanding eminence of Mount Carmel, the descent is to a small circular plain, sown with corn, for the pheasants, and other inhabitants of the woods: after crossing this, the road winds round the edge of a most astonishing precipice, presenting grandly-wild scenery; a path to the left leads to a natural cave, amidst the clefts of the rock; from hence proceeding through the woods, and entering through a gate which leads to the deer park, a most beautiful landscape is suddenly opened to the view. Alnwick Castle, seated on an eminence, washed by the river Aln, appears detached from the town, while the swelling towers of the noble edifice proudly elevate their battlements, and bring to remembrance the importance of the fortress in

ancient times; which Scotland's monarchs in vain attempted to conquer, from the renowned progenitors of the Percy race; and lost their liberty and lives, within view of the castle, as inscriptions on ancient pillars faithfully record. Beyond this arises the great crag of Ratsheagh, with its observatory; the town and port of Alemouth, and a great extent of ocean. Descending down the park, a path leads to a gate, opening into a shrubbery and nursery; through which the road is conducted to where it joins the approach to the house, near the waterfalls.

This circuit is about seven miles, and stands unrivalled for beauty and magnificence; as possessing, in an eminent degree, all that is requisite in landscape scenery, extensive woods, great inequalities of ground, disposed and planted with the most refined taste; having a beautiful river meandering through them, on the banks of

which stands the ancient and venerable Hulne Abbey.

To such a scene no one can be surprised Sir Robert de Grey was fondly attached; it was the seat of his ancestors, who had been famed for deeds of arms, in the warlike history of the Scottish Border. Sir Robert preferred a sword turned into a ploughshare, and devoted his time to improving his estate, and in works of benevolence to his neighbours. His fortune was ample, and his heart feelingly alive to the wants and misfortunes of others: his life was spent in benefiting his fellow-creatures: public business he was indefatigable in promoting. He was no party man, but supported his King and Constitution; considering it the duty of all conscientious christians, not only to fear God, but to honour the King. Never did he turn away from the voice of distress: It is better to be sometimes imposed upon, he would say, than not to re-

lieve, should the story be true;—a saying deserving of being recorded in letters of gold, in the mansions of the pampered sons of luxury and ease. How little does it differ from the command of our divine Master, "Turn not thy face from the poor man, and then the face of the Lord shall not be turned from thee."

Lady de Grey lived but five years after her marriage, and left but one child, Jemima: her Ladyship was one of the worthy characters of a notable wife: her time was spent in doing large pieces of work, and the chairs, beds, and carpets, at Hulne Abbey, bear ample testimony to her diligence. She managed her household with hospitality and economy; and with regard to her poor neighbours, she was the Lady Bountiful. At Christmas, she made large donations of clothes, linen, and blankets; she had baby linen for all who needed it, and a midwife, and caudle,

were provided by herself: and when the poor were sick, she sent an apothecary, or gave them medicines; having some knowledge and skill in prescribing; and her excellent broths, and strengthening food, are still recorded in the parish: some of my Lady's fresh meat was commonly the first thing lingered for, by her sick patients.—Very good! some will say, excellent! who would not be happy with such a wife?—She had no mind; the cultivation of that had been totally neglected in her education; and when she married, the soil was become too stubborn. In vain did Sir Robert read to her; and unavailing were all his endeavours to make her a companion; therefore her loss was not severe to him. Jemima, from her earliest infancy, shewed a quickness in learning, and a wish to obtain variety of knowledge; she soon therefore became an interesting companion to her father, who

took great delight in cultivating her excellent understanding.

Sir Robert objected strongly to girls' schools, and would have his daughter educated under his own eye, at home: he would not have her time devoted to music or drawing, or French, and that made the one thing in her education; and take her out of that, her mind to be a perfect blank: she sung and played in a pleasing style, without rivalling Catalani. She was a good drawer, but was inferior to Glover: she spoke French, Spanish, and Italian, with ease: she was an excellent dancer, without attempting to vie with Opera dancers: her dancing was like a gentlewoman: she was a good rider on horseback, but did not tread in the steps of Mrs. Thornton, and ride races on York race-course. She was of an humble mind, and a ride with her father in the beautiful and extensive woods that sur-

rounded them, was the bounds of her ambition.

Sir Robert de Grey was a christian, and his first and greatest pains were to make Jemima so. He thought religious instruction the first object of importance in education; and his daughter was from three years old, regularly taken to church, and taught to behave with propriety while she was there. When she reached her sixth year, she was expected to be able to repeat the text of the sermon when she came home; and from eight, she was required to repeat by heart the psalms and lessons of the day. Could such a child be destitute of religious knowledge? Impossible! her memory was stored with abundant knowledge, and Sir Robert carefully inculcated upon her, in the Scriptures she was to look for the guide and practice of her life. Jemima had a retentive memory, which exercise much improved. She was well read in

history, and had a competent knowledge of lighter reading; poetry, plays, and novels. Sir Robert did not forbid, but allowed them with restrictions. Her father from her earliest childhood had been her companion and friend—he did not wish to make her any one particular character, but to see what her own taste was for, and to encourage or repress that as he thought proper. He carefully guarded against being the tyrant she would dread and be full of tricks and disguises to. Jemima's heart was open and sincere, and Sir Robert's excellent behaviour to her kept it so.

Having described what her mind was at sixteen, my readers, at least the male part of them, will not object to hearing her person described. She was tall in stature, nearly amounting to five foot six; her form was elegance itself—in her, perfect symmetry was seen: nothing could be finer than the formation of her neck and shoulders—her

throat and ears were beautiful; and how can I give an adequate description of her face! Her eyes were dark and animated, yet with the mildness and sweetness of a dove. —Her nose was of the finest shape, and her mouth had two lips of coral, well formed. But how to describe the expression of the countenance and the mind that was expressed in it, is not in the power of a pen; it must be seen to be duly admired. Her hair was of a chestnut brown, and the lily and rose beautifully mingled in her complexion—her forehead and eye-brows were of uncommon beauty. Nature seemed determined in forming this lovely creature, to shew what human nature was capable of in her fairest works—like the mother of mankind, it might be said of Jemima,

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye;
"In every gesture dignity and love."

Her hands and arms were beautiful, so were her feet and ancles. Can good hu-

mour be enumerated as a merit in such a favoured being; with such a person and such a parent? I will leave that to others to decide; suffice it to say, Jemima was blessed with a mildness and evenness of temper rarely found. That she was free from envy I cannot call a virtue; for whom had *she* to envy? Neither had she pride, that was some merit; but her father, proud as he felt of such a prop of his declining age, and sensible as he was of her transcendent beauty, never let any expressions of his exultation in her escape him.

It may not be mal-à-propos here to suggest what is contrary to received opinion; that an amiable domestic father will educate a daughter in a superior style to a mother. That if she must lose one parent, and both are equally amiable, the mother is the least loss. A mother cannot forbear exulting, or being jealous of a daughter's beauty; both will have bad consequences. A father can

feel pride in the beauty of his daughter, and will carefully screen her from any ill consequences resulting from it. A daughter, educated by a father, will commonly be a superior character to those educated by mothers: freer from petitisse and finesse. Sir Robert de Grey could not endure a masculine woman, neither did he like a woman who was fainting at a spider and in hysterics at a toad. Female softness and delicacy may be blended with firmness of mind and fortitude. How often has a wife, a widow, a mother, occasion for firmness and decision of character, and to understand the management of property. Sir Robert never forgot, that according to the course of nature his daughter was to survive him, and would have a large estate, which she ought to understand the management of. It was not his intention to make up a match for her, to provide a steward for her estate, and make her my lady—that he determined,

unless he saw strong reason for contrary conduct should be the result of her own choice; and he had been careful in her education, to form and mould her mind in such a temperament, that love should be in no danger of inflaming the imagination and misleading the judgment.

A young woman who has for admirers every man who sees her, will not hunger and thirst for lovers—she feels it is in her power to marry when she pleases, and she waits with patience till she finds her heart interested. —To her it might truly be said, "friends in all the aged you'll meet, and lovers in the young."

Such a woman is not reduced to the necessity of stripping herself almost naked to be looked at; or to kick out her feet in company, to the annoyance of all, who walk about the room to have her feet admired: nor did she pull up her petticoats to her knees as she walked about, to shew all the world she had hand-

some legs; neither pride, vanity, nor affectation, formed any part of the character of our heroine. That she was free from envy and malignity, hardly can be called a merit; for whom had Jemima de Grey to envy? When she heard the old and the ugly say, I do not think her handsome—I see nothing to admire in her, she only smiled at their folly, and despised their impotent attempts to mortify her. At the first ball she went to, Sir Robert went with the darling of his heart; and he did not behold without some pride and pleasure, the universal admiration she met with. Lord de Courcy began the ball with her, and a most graceful elegant couple they were. Their dancing was light, elegant, and spirited, without a trait of stage dancing mixed with it. Numbers went up to Sir Robert to compliment him on his lovely, accomplished daughter. He certainly felt her all his heart could wish, yet he hoped he had not too much pride in

her. He was so anxious she should have taste and judgment in all things, he left her dress entirely to her own taste and guidance. It was handsome without shew. A Brussels lace dress over white satin, and her mother's jewels adorned her neck and hair. It was impossible to overlook this lovely creature in the largest company. She was lovely and elegant in her manners; unassuming in conversation, and made herself pleasing to all ages. It is not to be expected after Jemima came out into the world, Sir Robert should ever be free from the importunity of lovers for her. It will not be unamusing to give in a lump, a sketch of those who became candidates for her favour.

The first was Mr. Maxwell, son to a very rich West Indian: his love breathed all the fervour of the torrid sun, under which he was born: he used to say he should be happy to die by the fair hand of Jemima

de Grey; but he fell neither by her hands or eyes; he was drowned soon after he began to wear the chains of Jemima de Grey. Sir Benjamin Cookson, who possessed the beautiful estate of Ridley Hall, was the next who entered the lists; he was between fifty and sixty; but January sighed from the bottom of his soul for this lovely May;—

> But when his tender tale he told,
> He found her heart was winter cold!

Sir Benjamin had the same merit to boast of as Sir David Daw: that he had such a fine castle, and should be so cut up, if he was cut out; but to all his love Jemima was insensible. To shew that avarice formed no part of her character, I will describe his estate; (for that, without the incumbrance of *himself* upon it, might have captivated any one:)—Ridley Hall stands on an eminence on the south bank of the Tyne, with the ground declining gently to the river,

from whence it rises on the north side, with a gradual ascent: the prospect, though bounded in front, is not confined; and the rich vale, both up and down the Tyne, with a considerable reach of that river; and of the Allen, where it forms its junction with it, are in view from the north front of the house, and the immediate vicinity of it: added to this, is a bridge of two large and handsome arches; the east window of a beautiful chapel, shaded by some of the largest yew trees in the kingdom; Willemoteswick Castle, and Langley Castle, with farm-houses and villages intermixed with woods, and scattered in such a way as to give the idea of population, without annihilating that of retirement. The whole forms such a scene as is scarcely to be equalled, and would, without any other advantages, make this a delightful residence. From the house there is a descent to a terrace (commanding a part of this scene, and

the vinery and hot-houses) and opens upon a view that poets delight in describing—a rapid river murmuring over pebbles, or furiously forcing its way over rocks, confined by lofty mountains clothed with wood, where ravens resort, and add a solemn chorus to the music of the falling waters: this interesting walk continues for half a mile, when you reach a point called The Ravens' Craig; where an opening in the vale, of a few fields of haugh-land, with a farm-house, changes the scene, and recalls the mind from the contemplation of romantic beauty to the sober scenes of real life. After traversing the source of the Allen for about half a mile farther, you ascend the high grounds of Ridley-Hall, by a walk cut through the woods, which at various intervals admits the view of different and pleasing objects. On reaching the summit the prospect south is highly interesting; the ruins of Staward Castle, bosomed high

in tufted trees, and the hanging woods of Kingswood, with the river at their feet, form a scene at once beautiful, grand, and romantic. On retiring north, the prospect assumes the features of wildness, grandeur, and boundless extent; the vales of the Tyne and Allen are hidden, and it requires little force of imagination to suppose yourself transported into one of the wildest districts on the other side of the Tweed.

Perhaps the effect of contrast is no where more strongly marked, than at the point of quitting this scene, and turning to that of the mansion; with its beautiful and richly cultivated grounds laying at its feet; the two rivers, and a considerable extent of that almost unrivalled vale, through which the Tyne meanders. The house is large and commodious, and contains some good paintings, some family portraits, and a good library. When viewed from the turnpike road, on the opposite side of the Tyne, it

has a very magnificent appearance; but when seen near, the front appears too extensive for its situation. The forest of Lowes is about three miles north of the house, and affords a most interesting ride; having a great deal of high-land scenery, and several lakes; one called the Craig Loch of peculiar beauty; for its whole length it is bounded by a very high rock, on the top of which is the site of the Roman Wall. On the return from this enchanting ride, a scene of rural beauty and interest opens upon you, that is lovely beyond description: there is in view, at one point, nearly the whole grounds of Ridley Hall, the bridge, Langley Castle, the tower of Willemoteswick, and the ruins of Staward Castle; the chapel and village of Beltingham, Haydon Bridge; the progress of the Tyne for several miles, and the lofty banks clothed with wood, through

which the Allen emerges, and forms its junction with the Tyne.

So far, so good, Sir Benjamin Cookson; was your person equal in beauty to your domain, you might have some chance with a youthful, accomplished beauty: but alas! such a scarecrow was the person of this inamorato, that none but those at their last prayers, or the votaries of the demon of avarice, could take up with him. Long did he sigh, and ardently did he love Jemima de Grey: how would he sit in her company, with his eyes rivetted to her face; his ears hanging in raptures on every word she uttered! But so insensible was she to his love, he resolved not to make another suffer for him, what he felt for Jemima de Grey. A well-jointured widow, of his own age, had a great envie to become mistress of Ridley Hall. Sir Benjamin tried to sing—

"I ne'er could any lustre see,
"In eyes that would not look on me."

Never was he in the company of Jemima but he saw and felt the lustre of her eyes; yet he sighed and looked, and sighed again, but it was not ordained for him to be the happy man who, when he sighed for her with love, could make her sigh again. At last he resolved, as he could not be blessed with the object of his love, he would no longer keep the Widow Wilson complaining to the woods and the winds: he blessed her with leading her to the altar; and Sir Benjamin and Lady Cookson were much admired for their good dinners.

The next that became the admirer of our heroine, was a young naval officer; he might have pleased any one ready for a husband, or who despaired of having many to choose from: but he made no impression on the heart of Jemima, and was politely refused.

A still more engaging lover now came

forward, a young officer of dragoons; he was a handsome, elegant man, who had been well educated, and was eldest son to a man of fortune: Sir Robert de Grey could have no objection to this connexion, if his daughter approved it; but she was too well satisfied with her home to be in a hurry to quit it; it was part of her father's study to make home the happiest place to her; and it would be politic in parents to copy such an example; to consider the young are active, have much to see in life, are not to be expected to have the fortitude, and self-control of the aged. How can parents expect their children to love home, if they confine them to the society of the old, and their best days are spent amongst those who are more proper for the charnel house, than companions of the young and lively. Sir Robert said, I must grow young, not make my daughter an old woman in the prime of her days.

Mr. Webster now saw and felt the influence of the beauty of our northern star—he drank deep of the sweet poison of love—his sole endeavour was to be always in the company of Jemima—he wished to be her shadow. There was a smiling good humour and affability in her manner which gave hopes to all; but at last when he ventured to offer himself, he met a polite negative.

Mr. St. Clare, a clergyman, with a good fortune, now became the ardent admirer of our heroine; he thought her mind and person the model of perfection—he would say to her, you are

" Graceful in form and winning in address,
" While well you think what aptly you express."

There was nothing to dislike in Mr. St. Clare, but Jemima wished not for another home, and he met with a refusal.

Fitzgerald Fitz-Eustace was the next in succession. He was young, handsome, and in possession of a good estate. He was a

most ardent lover; but Jemima's heart was certainly not made of tinder, for he too failed to set it on fire.

Lord Mandeville, who had visited most of the foreign courts, and was past the meridian of life, could not escape the shafts of Cupid, when shot from the bright eyes of Jemima de Grey: he had no eyes but for her in her company. He had been accustomed to be triumphant with the fair sex, and approached our heroine with confidence that none could refuse Lord Mandeville. But her heart was icy cold: What a blow to his vanity and love! He determined to forsake young beauties, and married a rich old maid.

Happy Lord Mandeville, who though a warm lover was not a man to die of love. Not so was the case with the next who succeeded him as suitor to the northern star, Lord Cardross. He was the owner of Dryburgh Abbey, a young man of good

sense and well educated. Nature had been parsimonious to him in outward embellishments, and gave him a heart most keenly sensible to the superior attractions of others. In an ill-fated moment he saw Jemima de Grey—he eagerly inquired who she was, and received for answer, it was the northern star. "She is the finest woman I ever saw in all my life!" he exclaimed. He lost no time in getting introduced to her. The sweetness of her manners and charms of her conversation riveted his chains. Dryburgh Abbey that he once thought so charming, was so no longer. It is situated on a promontory, on the brink of a river, in the deep gloom of a wood; and is defended from the northern blasts by a lofty hill. The gloom of the wood increased his melancholy—if he wandered to the romantic scenes of the neighbourhood he felt no relief. The fine ruins of the Castle of Nawark had once been a favourite spot—that

was the birth-place of Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow. She was happy in her love—he felt a sad foreboding he should not be so. He knew our heroine was not easy to win—those with superior attractions had failed.

The ruins of Melrose Abbey now became a favourite haunt with him. To enter at the south door no language can convey an idea of the solemn magnificence which strikes the eye. Many of the noble line of Douglas are here entombed, amongst whom is James the son of William, Earl of Douglas, who was killed at the battle of Otterburn, and here interred with military honours. Here would Lord Cardross wander, lost in thought, and prefer the converse of the dead to the society of the living. He would contemplate the tomb of the valiant Douglas, and work his imagination up into a hero—he would enter the army, and in his country's battles, hope to forget his love; he would return from the ruins a war-

rior; but by his own fire-side, love again resumed its sway, and he felt he could live but for Jemima.

One evening he wandered in the hallowed spot till the decline of day. The evening advanced with an unusual solemnity; the clouds which were finely tinted with crimson, reflected the beams of the setting sun into the interior parts of the building, and made the whole glow with a purple ray. The idea arose to his imagination that celestial ministers apparelled suitably to the weakness of the human eye, accompanied him to walk the ruined aisles. The thought was sufficient to inspire a contemplative and enthusiastic mind with meditations, as serious as the human mind is susceptible of. To add a further solemnity to this turn of mind, the wind blew a brisk gale, and gave the accompaniment of a mournful melody; every object was solemn and every thought devout. Who could forbear exclaiming:

"Thy ministers incessantly accompany us; they involve us as with this ray of light; they penetrate the eye, and read the images of the mind before they have utterance: they weep over our frailties, and rejoice in our virtues. Perhaps by so exquisite a touch, that human sense cannot distinguish it, they carry on their operations by those propensities, for which we are unable to account, and influence our resolves, and struggle with our proneness to evil, that we may not deviate from thy laws.

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep. How often from the steep of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard celestial voices to the midnight air.

"Sole—or responsive, each to other's note,
"Singing their great Creator! oft in bands
"While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
"With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds

"In full harmonic numbers joined their songs,
"Divide the night; and lift our thoughts to heaven."

"These sad remains of human glory; how are their beauties defaced! Thus pass away the mighty things of the earth! To the eye of Him to whom ten thousand years are but as one day, what vanity is the magnificence of man! Here forgotten of the world lays the dust of princes and nobles, whose titles, authorities, and powers, are vanished as the baseless fabric of a vision. If spirits visit their terrestrial haunts, and leave for a time that ineffable beatitude proclaimed to us;—that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of our Father which is in heaven; perhaps, alas, it is too true! I lost a friend! perhaps his expanded essence fills this ray that penetrates the gloom; rejoices in the thoughts that rise upon my mind; conveys my prayers to the divine propitiary; prompts

each virtuous fervour; and subverts all rising impropriety: perhaps with that pure affection which he possessed when living on earth, he looks upon my countenance, commiserates the darkness of my faculties, that here are labouring for pleasure or knowledge."

The thought was overpowering—his eyes grew full of tears—his hands were clasped through energy of thought, and he stood transfixed as a statue, when the approaching steps of his faithful valet de chambre, who came to seek him, roused him from this enthusiastic mood, preserving his mind from the growing extravagance of imagination, which was already replete with the most affecting images. Lord Cardross slowly returned home, and his mind gradually regained its wonted tone. In the splendid ruins of Melrose Abbey, Sir Bryan Layton, a warrior famed in the Border feuds, lies entombed. He had a fair daughter, fair as the flower of Yarrow, or the northern star. Her lovely

effigy weeps with the most affectionate fondness over the tomb of her beloved father. This tomb and the tomb of Douglas, were the favourite haunts of Lord Cardross. He thought a man enviable in death to be wept by such a daughter ; but no daughter did he covet so earnestly as the daughter of Sir Robert de Grey.

Lord Cardross was at this time invited to spend some days at Nunsbrough, where Sir Robert de Grey and his daughter were visiting. With what joy did he set out! when he once more found himself in the same house with his heart's only idol—he seemed a different being. At dinner he obtained a seat by her, and was so wholly absorbed by his acute feelings, that all at once he burst forth in a fit of enthusiasm, repeating,

"What bard, oh Time! discover,
"With wings first made thee move,
"Ah! sure it was some lover,
"That ne'er had left his love.

The company looked amazed, but not to embarrass him said, the lines were very beautiful; and commended the excellence of some other songs in that beautiful opera. Lord Cardross was unable to converse much when in company with his soul's idol. A friend who saw and pitied his embarrassment, to remove his thoughts to a more distant object, said, "What a sweet spot is that where the flower of Yarrow lived." "Well it might be," said he, "the flower of Yarrow was happy in her love." Nature has blessed that spot; the Ettrick, the Tweed, the Yarrow, combine to give it beauty; but had Nature denied every charm, and the house stood in the howling wilderness, with his flower of Yarrow, he would have felt all the charms of Paradise. He then sunk into silence: a paradise, such as he could not hope for, appeared to his view, and he sighed deeply. When the ladies withdrew to the drawing-room, he softly whispered to

Jemima, "Is it a crime in heaven to love too well?"

At breakfast next morning, Lord Cardross had an opportunity of bringing forward his enthusiasm for the beauties of nature. Sir Roger de Montalt told him, he must see a romantic spot in his neighbourhood which exhibited very extraordinary scenery. I was up early, said Lord Cardross, and discovered the most picturesque, though confined, view in the county; I ascended to the brink of the precipice, near two hundred feet high, from whence I looked down upon a sequestered dale, almost insulated by the brook, consisting of a fine level plain of corn land, in the exact shape of a horse-shoe; the brawling brook passing over a rugged rocky bottom, under the shadow of lofty hills, in various broken streams, is seen on each side, foaming from fall to fall, which gives a beautiful contrast to the deep hue of the groves. From the brook the

hills to the left rise precipitous; clothed with a fine hanging wood, then glowing with a full sunshine. To the right, the steeps lying from the sun, and in the deep shade were broken and scattered over, in wild irregularity, with brush-wood; and here and there a grotesque and knotty tree presented itself, impending from the precipice: in front, a fine eminence of brown rock lifted its ragged brow, and closed the circle, dividing the waters with a promontory a few yards wide: in the clifts and in the levels of the rocks some shrubs grew; on its summit stood ripened corn, margined with a hedge-row, through which a cottage is discovered; and by its base a winding road soon attracts the eye in intercepting woods; the rays of light fell happily on the cliffs, and brightened their colouring: to the right and left, the more distant brook shewed itself in deep and woody dells, embowered by lofty oaks: to the right, the

hill, which surmounts the wood, is covered with a plain of meadow land, on whose brink stands a farmhold, accessible by a narrow path winding up the steep; from whence the woods make a beautiful curvi- ture; the distant background is composed of heath land: on the left, wood-lands are seen in the circus, winding on the mazy channel of the brawling brook; here and there intercepted by heathy eminences; the back ground very distant, and tinged with a misty azure. To add to this little en- chanted vale an additional charm, reapers are busy getting in the harvest; in some parts the furrows look like waving gold; in others they were adorned with sheaves. This is the finest natural amphitheatre I ever saw; the circle is almost geometrically just; the plain would have suited the exhi- bitions of which we read, with anxious cu- riosity, in the history of the ancients: they would have given it life; taken away the

rusticity, and made it noble: when I descended to the vale below, it appeared to want some of the sacred rites to improve its solemnity, and connect the idea of hallowedness with greatness.

Sir Roger de Montalt could not refrain a smile at the enthusiasm with which all this was spoken. Your Lordship, said he, I perceive did not fatigue yourself with *walking* this morning, you mounted your *hobby*. Lord Cardross replied, One possessed with a true taste for picturesque and natural beauties, is apt to be wound up to a pitch of enthusiastic rapture at such a scene as this; where every subject that can compose a rural prospect is so happily blended; it is not possible to speak with indifference of such a scene. "Indifference, my Lord," said Sir Roger, "forms no part of your Lordship's character; the apathy of a Bond-Street lounger never will be your's." "No," said Lord Cardross, "nor

do I wish it; enthusiasm and exquisite feelings bring many pains; but apathy has no pleasures: while my heart beats it must beat for others as well as myself."

Jemima de Grey was asked, when breakfast was over, to sing: she had always been accustomed to comply directly, and have no excuses of colds, and not being in voice. She set down directly to her harp; Lord Cardross requested her to sing the Cypress Wreathe, from Rokeby; she sung it in a sweetly simple style; he retired behind her chair, and the tears stole down his cheeks; he felt a sad presentiment that the fate of Wilfrid would be his.

Some of the party went out on horseback; Sir Robert always rode in fair weather, and his daughter always was his companion: Lord Cardross helped her to mount upon her horse, and said in mournful low accents—"I can offer you nothing

you have not; why are you not poor, that I might make you rich?"

When the company assembled at dinner, they were relating their different excursions and adventures of the morning: Sir Roger de Montalt asked Lord Cardross which way he bent his steps and meditations? Lord Cardross replied, "To Dilston; that mansion is now consisting of disconsolate and rugged ruins; the empty halls, and hanging stairs, and painted chambers, present a sad memorial of their lost, unhappy lord.

"The devastation made by time in ancient structures, marks them with solemn beauties: an inspection of castles and strong-holds in ruins gives pleasure. Historic facts arise on the mind, fraught with images of tyranny and oppression; of feudal powers now extinguished; and joy is felt that the vassalage and cruelty, which marked those times, are

now no more. Such monuments are regarded as the broken prisons where tyrants held in chains those whom their avarice and love of rapine characterized with the epithet of enemy: they remain as vestiges of days of distress, when every man computed his greatness by the number of fellow-creatures he could harness, to minister to his pride, and contribute to his crimes; As dens of savages, and animals of prey, who, like the wolves of the forest, held warfare with all the creatures of the earth; and worse than wolves, employing the powers of rationality to render them more rapacious, more cruel, and more bloodthirsty, than mere animal instinct could insinuate to the heart; even cruelty, bloodthirstiness, and rapacity against their *fellow-creatures*, of which even wolves are not accused. They remain as monuments of sepultured oppression, over which the olives of peace are woven by the hand of liberty.

They are looked upon as the hallowed records of all those inestimable jewels which adorn the British Constitution, whose lustre strikes the eye of the whole observing world with envy, admiration, and astonishment.

"But Dilston raises other sentiments; tears arise in the eye for the crimes of men, who, in opposition to salutary laws, through mistaken principles, imbrue their hands in civil discord. It is the mistake in principle which causes the tears to flow; resolute wickedness extinguishes all pity; but humanity feels for *man's errors*—for the errors of judgment, for such frailties pity is even divine:—

"To *err* is human, to *forgive* divine!"

"The fate of the Earl of Derwentwater must be ever and deeply lamented: he was nearly related to the house of Stuart, and personally acquainted with the Pretender; yet it is evident he was hurried into the junction; for had he premeditated resistance

against the established government, his princely possessions, his extensive influence, and, above all, the high, and almost unparalleled, estimation in which he was held by his numerous tenantry, would have enabled him to organize a very formidable body of men. Indeed, he was formed by nature to be generally beloved; for his beneficence was so unbounded, that he seemed to live but for others. He almost constantly resided at Dilston, where he spent his ample income, and employed his time in discharging offices of kindness and of charity. The generous and splendid hospitality of his house was unequalled; and his door and his purse was continually open to every one, whether neighbour or stranger; and his death was the cause of the ruin of one of the most flourishing families in this part of the kingdom.

"On entering the domains, the benevolent character of the late owner forcibly flashed

upon my mind. What dreadful instruments are greatness, riches, and power, in the hands of tyranny and malevolence! But what blessings do they pour forth from the good and the wise: how detestable is authority under some characters; but how lovely is power in the possession of others: such characteristics have marked the life of this man, as will immortalize his memory: and as he eminently possessed while living, so will fame transmit to posterity, the name of the Earl of Derwentwater, and his virtues, stamped with the character of the *universal love of mankind.*"

Lord Cardross here paused: how animated was his countenance, and how impressive his manner, when his heart was warmed with the eulogium of virtues long departed; and greatness dying the death of infamy: Sir Roger de Montalt said to him, "How much do I wish, my lord, to have you undertake to speak my funeral oration: I

shall have the choicest of language, and the best construction put on all my actions: no dreadful effervescence of idleness and malignity, fermenting together, to render virtue vice, and reduce the human race below the rank of Yahoos." "No," said Lord Cardross, idleness and malignity will, I hope, never form features in my character: it is for the ignoble part of the human race to debase and vilify what God intended to exalt. I never hear the idle and malignant detailing the supposed vices of others, but I conclude they commit the same themselves: I pity those they censure, and detest them." Jemima de Grey said, "it is the resource of a weak mind to censure others: it is the same spirit as democracy: that would pull down all of superior power and riches: malevolence would lower the lovely and the amiable; instead of trying to imitate their virtues, they try to persuade the world they are a disgrace to society." How

did the eyes of Lord Cardross beam with ineffable delight, on the lovely speaker. "Fair maid," thought he, "how many vilifiers, of your own sex, will you have; because nature has not stamped those malignants in the same fair mould as thine."

Sir Robert de Grey asked Lord Cardross, if there was not an extraordinary maniac in his neighbourhood: he replied, there was, "and from whence she came no one knew. In the day, her residence is in a dark vault, in the ruins of the Abbey; at night, she comes out, and from two gentlemen in the neighbourhood, has such necessaries given her as she wants. At twelve at night, she lights her candle, and returns to her vault, assuring her friendly neighbours, that during her absence her habitation was set in order by a spirit; whom she described as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes; with which he tramples the clay floor of the vault to dispel the damps. She is regarded by the

superiors with compassion, as deranged in her understanding; by the vulgar with terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she has never explained; it is supposed to be occasioned by a vow, that during the absence of a man whom she fondly loves, she would never behold the sun. Lord Cardross added, it was happiest for unfortunate lovers to die of a broken heart; not to live with a distracted brain. He sighed deeply, and the forebodings of his own death seemed to arise in his mind. Sir Robert de Grey told him, he was a character to be looked up to, for assuming fortitude; his energetic, enthusiastic mind, feelingly alive as it was, must never degenerate into idleness and despondency; love must not come, like Aaron's rod, and swallow up all his virtues:

"In shady groves, and purling streams,
"The God of Love supinely dreams."

From your Lordship we expect the fortitude to break the chains of Cupid.

Sir Roger de Montalt loved to hear Lord Cardross talk, and display his enthusiasm and energy of mind; he asked him if he often visited the celebrated ground where Roxburgh once stood? Lord Cardross replied, "It is not possible to tread that ground without the most serious reflections; the vicissitudes of human life, so remarkably exemplified, furnish the contemplative with a succession of ideas, producing melancholy and dejection. Here where this turf, now painted with flowers, is browsed by the flocks, once stood a town, flourishing in trade; where festivity and mirth often engaged the wealthy inhabitants; where the royal presence was encircled by the nobility of the land; where the splendour of a Court was displayed; where the royal nuptials, and the birth of princes, made a kingdom joyful; and where peace brought her olives to

crown felicity;—and, in reverse of days, where the cattle now grazes; armed troops have held their deadly conflicts; and the soil has drank in the blood of nobles and heroes; even royalty has bled on these plains: the shouts of victory or the cries of distress have often sounded responsive in those echoes, that now reverberate with the lowing herds and bleating flocks. Cannon have rent the troubled atmosphere, and the clangour of martial music filled the gale; where now only sounds the harmony of the feathered songsters of the groves.

"Revenge, rapine, and innumerable crimes, have cursed that ground with every human sin. Avenging Providence at length hath razed the walls; the haughty towers are levelled with the earth; the ploughshare hath gone over the paths of wicked ages, and all, but the name of Roxburgh, is no more seen.

"As Roxburgh fell, so have empires

fallen; and though it is a reflection that brings with it the acutest sorrow, yet it must be admitted, that when the accomplishment of time is come, other empires must sink into oblivion. Power and magnificence are perishable; we know not which will be next that yields in the succession. Heaven grant that Britain, by her virtues, may merit the Divine protection, and that her empire may survive to the latest ages full of honour.

"That great genius, Cicero, in more places than one, contemplating with amazement the prodigious grandeur of their empire, and the effect even of their name; so that *he* could go to command an army in Cilicia with success, though quite ignorant of the military principles; he asks the question, why Providence should favour them above all people? The Greeks were more ingenious, the Carthaginians more subtil, the Gauls were stronger; truly he can find

no other reason why they should be more victorious than other nations, but that they were more religious."

Sir Robert de Grey said to Lord Cardross, "Nature hath formed your Lordship for an orator; you would be an acquisition in the house." "No," he said, "nature inclines me to the love of social life; I could sooner be an Arcadian shepherd, than a partaker of the broils of public life; my patrimony is far from the seat of empire; I will cultivate the arts of peace at home."

Several young people being in the house, dancing was proposed in the evening, and readily assented to by all; the young professing their fondness for dancing; and the old the pleasure they took in seeing them. Three sets were formed to dance reels. When Jemima de Grey stood up, Sir Roger de Montalt said to Lord Cardross, "Tell me your opinion of the northern star." "Then help me to language to ex-

press what I feel," said Lord Cardross; "no common words can convey any idea what I feel for her." "If your Lordship fails in eloquence," said Sir Roger, "who can hope to find flowers of rhetoric?" "I say," said Lord Cardross, "surely never lighted on this orb a more delightful vision; she is glittering, like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy."

The dancing now began, and Lord Cardross, who had never seen her dance before, was in raptures: "What elegance! what grace! what agility!" he exclaimed; "how she excels in all things!" He now remained for some time in mute admiration; his ecstasies then again arose; and, turning to Sir Roger, he said, "Do you know the rhapsody of Pseusippus, the Greek, on seeing Panareta, a beautiful damsel, dance?" "No," said Sir Roger, "I am a plain matter-of-fact fellow; I remember no rhapsodies; favour me, my Lord, with your

rhapsody on Jemima." "Who would not admire," said his Lordship, "who would not love her, that did but see her dance as I did? Oh admirable, oh dear Jemima! I have seen old and new Rome, many fair cities, many fair women, but never, never, any like to Jemima. They are dross, dowdies, all to Jemima. Oh! how she dances, how she trips, how she turns, with what a grace! happy is that man who dances with her; oh! most incomparable, only Jemima!"

"Bravo, my Lord!" said Sir Roger; "you have such command of language to extol a fair lady; if high sounding praise, if the loftiest panegyric, can win a beauty, your Lordship has the field to yourself; no competitor can enter the lists with you." "Alas! I feel I am not loved," said Lord Cardross; "her heart has not yet felt love, I have not a hope; it would be a gratification to me to see whom she selects from her admirers, and I hope the sight would

kill me; I only wish to see her husband, and die the next moment."

Of a far different character was the next admirer of Jemima de Grey, Mr. Blount; he was an only son, and his mother a widow. He was conceited, and thought any woman he offered to must be proud of his love; and eager to accept him; the mother was proud and passionate, and thought her son an honourable alliance that any family must court. Mr. Blount, though he could not resist the fascination of Jemima's charms, yet would not condescend to own he was smitten; on the contrary, he was always talking to her of his great admiration of Miss Fitz Roger; who was a shewy figure, with a good fortune: this was probable, and Jemima, feeling perfect indifference to Mr. Blount, did not care who was the object of his affection. She listened to his rants about Miss Fitz Roger, and assented to all he said in her praise.

Mr. Blount and his mother anticipated the rapture, and surprise, and triumph, Jemima de Grey *must* feel when she found she was the object of his love; not Miss Fitz Roger. At length he thought it time to give her this agreeable surprise; and made his offer in form. Surprise indeed it was; for Jemima never had the slightest suspicion she was the object of his affection. She gave him a decided negative: he would not believe her, and persevered. Jemima renewed her positive rejection: he returned home, thunderstruck and petrified, to his mamma: she launched out into a violent fury, at our heroine; ordered her carriage, and away she drove to Hulne Abbey. Her entrance into the drawing-room was abrupt and unceremonious; and, in language more suitable to a poissarde than a gentlewoman, she began to upbraid Jemima with her ill use of her son; she had never discouraged him. "How could I imagine," said Je-

mima, "I was the object of his attachment, when all his conversation to me was of his attachment to Miss Fitz Roger: he used duplicity to me, and is the dupe himself.

Mrs. Blount said she ought to have seen through that little artifice of love. Jemima replied it was an extraordinary means of making love to be always talking of his attachment to another; she feared if Mr. Blount always paid his addresses in that way, he would always be unsuccessful. "But you must have seen his love," said Mrs. Blount, "he was a great deal in your company, and very attentive to you." "He was very troublesome to me," said Jemima, "that I attributed to his unpleasing manners; not *love*, when he told me his affections were engaged." Mrs. Blount grew very violent with Jemima's cool vindication of herself, and worked herself up into a violent passion, without producing any change in our heroine. She was steady

in her refusal, and in her vindication of herself, that she had not ill used Mr. Blount. The enraged mother finding she could produce no alteration, went away in a rage, and proclaimed to all her neighbourhood how ill used her son was by Miss de Grey; and ever after if she met her in company, she began a violent attack upon her for not marrying her son. Jemima continued cool and resolute in her vindication of herself, and her determination not to have Mr. Blount.

Mr. Berrington formed another variety of character. He was a genteel man, very fond of singing and dancing, in which he much excelled. He long dangled after Jemima—she was puzzled to guess if his attentions were the result of attachment. Sometimes he was very attentive to her—then devoted to another. She was indifferent to him; and when he spoke not to her, she took no notice of him. Sir Ro-

bert de Grey had so high an opinion of his daughter, he left her to manage with her lovers as she pleased. He saw who aspired to be her husband, but he wished her to be unbiassed by all but her own heart, in the determination of whom should be her husband; or if she would marry or remain single. Mr. Berrington, after some further space of time spent in dangling, made his offer, and was refused. He felt piqued—went off to Cheltenham, and in six weeks returned with a wife.

Sir Ralph Bertie was a general favourite with the fair sex. He was called a ladies' man. He was tall, well-made, fair, blue-eyed, with good teeth and handsome hands, and was not without a dash of conceit. He had been so much addicted to profligacy, his constitution was much injured, and he seemed on the verge of a consumption. But when he saw Jemima de Grey, all other beauties were eclipsed, and hence-

forward he lived only for her. He resolved to observe her at distance, and see if he could find any faults in her. He fancied if he could spy out blemishes the tyrant love was disarmed. Jemima stood the test of his fiery ordeal. He could not find any faults in her. He thought he might safely resolve to make her Lady Bertie. He did not calculate upon the chance of their being *two* consents to obtain. When his own was gained he thought the matter decided; and discarded from his recollection all those who had been refused by our heroine. Sir Ralph, who had been *cruel* to so many ladies, when disposed to be *kind*, could think of no opposition. He boldly declared himself in form to Jemima, and found she was insensible to all his attractions—she was decided in her refusal of him.

This did not intimidate Mr. Lynch—he was the idol of his family; and some Mis-

ses of no celebrity had made up to him; so he wisely thought he must be acceptable to *all* women. He would have guarded his heart against love if he could; but our heroine had fascinations for all tastes. Mr. Lynch wished to make Plutus his god of love: so did his family; and if he was engaged to an angel and could gain a devil with a larger fortune, that money should prevail and be the only god of his idolatry. But it is the glory of love to have triumphed over all passions—to have occasioned the change of empires and the loss of worlds—to have inspired heroism, and subdued avarice. Mr. Lynch found he must love Jemima, and her alone; and never once reflecting how many had been refused before: and many and most of them with much superior attractions to himself; he confidently paid his addresses to her, and could not believe his ears when a refusal issued from the lips of Jemima

de Grey. He told her how many would think themselves happy in him for a husband; and he was sure he could have Miss Fitz Roger, and Miss Berrington, and a long train in the neighbourhood he enumerated:—that was nothing to our heroine; she knew he could not have her; and other ladies she left to decide for themselves. Mr. Lynch was firmly and positively rejected, and sneaked out of the room like a dog in disgrace.

More, many more, might be enumerated as admirers; but let this specimen suffice. Uncommon characters are not to be met with every day—neither is it to be expected that all lovers should be Sir Charles Grandisons, or Malek Adhels. Alas! they are characters rarely, if ever, to be met with, and these are drawn from nature; each one has sat for his picture.

Sir Robert de Grey was a most active character in private life; the poor on his

estate occupied much of his time and attention. Jemima he wished to bring up to tread in his steps, and she was always his companion when he went to look after the cottagers. The houses were kept in comfortable repair; each had a piece of garden-ground attached to them, and the most industrious had cow-pastures. There was on the estate a school to educate boys, where they were taught reading, writing, and arithmetic; and a school for girls, where they were taught, reading, needle-work, knitting, and spinning. Each girl was to make her own clothes; to do her own washing, and to help cook and clean the house. They knitted their own stockings, and those for the boys at the other school, and the sheets for the beds at both schools were spun by the girls. The postilions and stable-boys at the Abbey were taken from the boys' school; and when girls were big enough for service, they

were taken into the scullery and laundry. Some from both schools have turned out so exemplary, that they have been raised by different gradations till they have attained the situation of upper-servants in the family.

Sir Robert de Grey allotted to Jemima the overlooking the girls' school—she went there every week to hear the children read and overlook their work. The linen spun in the school she distributed amongst the cottagers at Christmas. She also employed fifty poor women for six months in the year to spin linen for the Abbey. All the servants' sheets and the kitchen linen was spun in the parish. Sir Robert de Grey was not only careful of the poor on his estate in youth, but he provided an asylum for old age. He built almhouses for twelve old men, and twelve old women. There was also a shop established in the village, which Jemima overlooked, for selling grocery,

chandlery, and thread and tape, and worsted for knitting at prime cost to the villagers. The poor did credit to the pains and expense bestowed on them; they were sober and industrious, and grateful to their benefactors.

Sir Robert did not shrink from the useful but unpleasant labour of being a justice of peace; and it is justice due to his neighbourhood to say, that they did not give him much trouble in that way. Perhaps it will hardly be credited at this time of day, that he took some trouble to have justice done to a poor old woman who had been persecuted and ill-used on the supposition she was a witch. She had the misfortune to be old and very ugly: and Sir Robert confesses, that to those who believe in witches, he hardly was surprised when he beheld her excessive ugliness, that she had been dubbed a witch. A farmer was one day at plough, and one of his horses stumbled two or three

times; he remarked to the boy how extraordinary it was—he never knew the horse to stumble before. The boy said it was no wonder, for Phœbe Hummerstone was on the other side of the hedge. This enraged the farmer so much he went immediately to her, dragged her to the mill-pool, and there she was swam for a witch. Having half drowned the poor creature, she had then to undergo the trial of having pins run into her; and, lastly, the least of her hardships was being weighed against the church bible. Sir Robert de Grey heard of this barbarity, and he was always ready to take the part of the oppressed. He sent for Phœbe Hummerstone, to take her deposition against the farmer. Poor Phœbe thought his worship was going to proceed against her as a witch; and the moment she saw Sir Robert, she fell down on her knees, protesting in the most solemn manner she was no witch. "Be

comforted, Phœbe," said Sir Robert. "I do not suppose you are one; but I understand you have been ill-used. I will take your deposition and prosecute your oppressor. Poor Phœbe's heart now expanded with joy; her deposition was taken, and the farmer bound over to appear at the Sessions, where the result of the trial was that the farmer had five guineas' damages to pay. The money was paid down in Court, and delivered into the hands of the injured Phœbe. What riches was this to her!—she could hardly believe her good fortune. She dropped down on her knees to thank her kind-hearted benefactor, and went out of Court, shaking her guineas with the greatest exultation.

What a blessing is such a man to his neighbourhood; blessed with the *means* of being kind, and a heart to diffuse happiness around him—numberless are the kind acts done by him—it is only at the death of

such a man his worth can be fully known and appreciated. There was a description of distress Sir Robert thought more deserving of his attention than the lower classes: those in the higher, who have either fallen in the world, or have not income to support a numerous family. Sir Robert waited not for importunity to relieve distress; when he heard of it he was the first to relieve: and many are those whom he has assisted with pecuniary relief, and helped to bring their children forward in the world. Never was he unmindful of his heavenly Master's command: "Bear ye one another's burdens." All those that travailed, and were heavy laden, he freely relieved. Such a heart is a blessing to its owner, and to all those who have the happiness to come within its influence.

Sir Robert de Grey was a zealous supporter of the County Hospital. When he was near it he always went there to survey

it, and see it was properly managed. Jemima always went with him—he wished her not to have that affected feeling that shrinks from the sight of sickness and sorrow—he wished her to be mindful of the great account she would be called upon to give of her actions; when the principal virtues required of her would be, to have clothed the naked, fed the hungry, and visited the sick.

One of the charities of Hulne Abbey is in the power of all to dispense, and but little thought of; and yet is of more utility than the thoughtless may suppose. By Sir Robert de Grey's desire Jemima had all the old linen of the Abbey sent annually to the County Infirmary*. Once when Sir Robert

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* Did ladies but reflect how valuable *their* useless linen is to Hospitals, and as baby-linen for cottagers' wives, they could do much good without expense; and if, instead of being the slaves of their waiting-maids, and allowing them to claim their old clothes as *their right*, they would bestow some on families in the humbler ranks burdened with chil-

and his daughter were going there, Mrs. Berrington desired to accompany them. The moment the Matron saw Jemima she lifted up her hands: "Oh! Madam," said she, "I was just thinking what a blessing you are. I have had a poor child brought in this morning almost burnt to death, and I have been obliged to cover it with fine rag. I should have been so distressed for it if it had not been for your charming bundle." Such a charity had never occurred to Mrs. Berrington, but as soon as she went home she looked over all her linen, and sent the useless part of it to the Infirmary.

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dren; they would afford an acceptable relief, and not be impoverished themselves: and the lady Abigails, with less finery, *might be more industrious.* Those who cannot, or will not, give money, should reflect on the various ways a kind heart may help another without expence, and lay up a treasure in heaven.

CHAPTER II.

> "Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
> "Some banished lover, or some captive maid:
> "They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
> "Warm from the hearth, and faithful to its fires."

How great is the variety in human nature! how amiable! What blessings are some, and in others how is human nature debased far below many of the brute creation! Whilst we see a dog, faithful, affectionate, honest, and diligent; do we not see some human creatures divested of all those virtues? Some of our fellow-creatures we must look up to as *examples*, and others as *beacons* to warn us not to imitate their vices. Of a far different description from the inhabitants of Hulne Abbey; are those now to be brought forward! It is seen in the forego-

ing chapter, what a blessing to a neighbourhood is an amiable man of fortune residing on his estate. It will now be seen what a misfortune it is to a parish where neither landholder or clergyman resides.

In the small village of Branxton, none but farmers and labourers lived: and the widow Hobnail claimed to herself the prerogative of being the Mrs. Grundy of the parish. She had three sons, and two daughters; and a maiden sister lived with her. Being determined to have the sole dominion of the parish, whilst her family were in their childhood, she contrived to make up a match between her sister and Mr. Gape, the wealthiest farmer in the parish; by this means she got Mr. Gape under her thumb. By the time her children were grown up, another lucky circumstance occurred. There was no resident clergyman in the parish; but it was served by one who resided seven miles off. Money was the god of his

idolatry: so he let his vicarage out into tenements, and put up his horse at a farm-house: moreover he was a bachelor. The people who had lived in this farm were going to another situation: What an opening was this for Mrs. Hobnail! She secured the farm for her eldest son, and placed Molly Hobnail with him, to keep his house. "Aye," say her neighbours, "she thinks if she can but thrust her darter Molly in the parson's way, he'll be sure to fall in love with her, and marry her." Mr. Perton's family did not much like this new arrangement at Branxton; but they trusted William had too much pride and avarice to be the dupe of Mrs. Hobnail: but what avails pride and avarice, when set in competition with such a Machiavel as Mrs. Hobnail? She could almost out-manœuvre the devil himself.

Miss Molly Hobnail was now become the Sunday companion of Mr. William

Perton: they set together in the chimney corner; walked together to church, and back again; and that they might not fail in opportunities of being alone together, John Hobnail was charged by the careful mother to be always engaged with his sheep and cows, at those times; that Molly might be left tête-à-tête with the parson; and he should not omit making her an offer of marriage, for *want* of *opportunity*. All things prospered to the widow's heart's content: with what pride did the family flock about their future relative, Mr. William Perton: and Miss Molly began already to be called the future Mrs. William Perton. Perhaps a description of this lovely damsel's person may be wished-for: Sancho's description of Dulcinea is well suited to her. She was lusty and brawny, and smelt vigorously; and could heave a sack of wheat as well as a man.

Mrs. Hobnail was now seated on her

throne, and gave law to the whole parish; and never was Buonaparte more despotic: a new school-mistress was to be appointed, on the demise of the former pedagogue in petticoats. Though the appointment was in the clergyman, Mrs. Hobnail determined to shew how she governed him; and got a woman appointed who could hardly read or work: she had so large a family of small children, she had no leisure to attend to those of others; and she was moreover the most swearing, foul-mouthed woman in the parish: but she washed for Mrs. Hobnail, and in case of getting the appointment, was to reduce her price of washing from eight-pence to sixpence a day.

Great was the clamour excited in the parish at this appointment, and many were the remonstrances made to Mr. Perton; but all to no effect; his answer was, he had appointed the woman, and she must remain. It is easy to imagine how much

the children improved with such tuition, and example. Three years did the woman hold her situation, in spite of all the complaints made of her; when, at the expiration of that term, she set fire to the parson's barn; and it was burnt to the ground: the parson *then* in his fury found her unfit for a school-mistress, and she was turned out.

During the course of his amorous dalliance with Molly Hobnail, he was seized with an irresistible wish to write a billet-doux to her, one day, when he was sighing and despairing beside a clear stream, and only one solitary cottage in sight: so up he rose, and in he goes; but neither pen, ink, or pencil, as might be supposed, could it produce: paper he had in his pocket; that formed no part of his dilemma: casting his eyes around in a frenzy of despair, or as the man in the play says, "his eye in a fine frenzy rolling," the faggot, blazing in the hearth, caught his eye; was it Cupid,

or was it Pan, suggested the idea, a burnt stick sharpened, would, and could, write? Oh! what a brilliant idea, what ecstasy! what heartfelt comfort to a doating, fond lover! The stick was eagerly snatched out of the fire, the end sharpened, and a most elegant epistle penned to Miss Hobnail: it unfortunately was despatched by a stupid cow boy, who could not read; else had it been despatched to Dulcinea by so brilliant a genius as Sancho Panca; in all probability it would have been given to the world with additions and emendations. But as our popular bard says,

> I do not write to that dull elf,
> That cannot picture to himself,

what William Perton's chaste imagination would say to his adored Molly Hobnail, each one can form their own ideas of the letter; and might make as pleasing a *mélange* of variety, as the rejected addresses.

Mrs. Hobnail had some cottages annexed

to her farm, and tyrannized over the inhabitants of them: a very industrious man, John Morden, and his wife, with a large family, whom they brought up creditably, lived in one; Morden could earn more money by working out of the parish, and Mrs. Hobnail was enraged he would no longer work for her: she did all she could to torment them: she took away a piece of ground they had for a garden, and raised the rent; this riled the man's wife very much, and she determined to have a good sauce with Mrs. Hobnail; and she went to the farm for that purpose. Unfortunately the Sunday before, as Miss Hobnail and Mr. William Perton were walking sweetly alone, all the world to each other, to church, a stranger riding through the parish, was struck with seeing this trolloping wench in the face of day walking with a clergyman; "What!" exclaims he in astonishment, "is that brazen bitch the parson's wife!" "No, grinned out Tom

Sparks; "she's only Moll Tawdry, her name in the parish." This story was told to Morden's wife as she was going to Hobnail farm. She and Mrs. Hobnail set to with a furious scolding-match; there was such a clash, as one of the bye-standers reported; and at last Betty Morden said, "Your darter Molly is only a brazen bitch; you know the gentleman said so." That was too true to be endured; Mrs. Hobnail was like one of the furies, and swore she would be revenged the first opportunity. A short time after, a drunken man, blind of one eye, told Mrs. Hobnail, that one morning *before* day-light, he *saw* Betty Morden breaking one of her hedges: this was enough: she waited till Morden was gone out of the parish to work, then she goes to his cottage, with her son, who was constable; and without any warrant, forced the woman before a neighbouring justice; he was a kind, accommodating man, with no objection to a

trolloping wench; so, to oblige Mrs. Hobnail, he committed her to Bridewell; on the sole deposition of this Cyclops, who saw so clear in the dark. When Morden came back at night, and heard of this, no supper could he eat; the breakfast next morning was untasted; there was a child at the breast this woman was taken from; who cried all night, to add to the scene of distress. In the morning Morden hies to this accommodating justice, who, for the payment of a guinea, released the woman. Mr. Perton was told of this, and that he ought to interfere, and have Mrs. Hobnail punished; and obtain some redress for Betty Morden: but the abject Perton dared not attempt it. Mrs. Hobnail now insisted that Morden should not keep turkeys; this determined him to submit to her tyranny no longer: he built a cottage for himself; and a benevolent lady, who lived in the

neighbourhood, raised some money amongst her friends for him.

Mrs. Hobnail now achieved a great outrage to decency: one Sunday morning some of her cows got into some clover, and one eat till she burst. Mr. Perton came into the village, and the church-bells rang at the usual time; the bells after a time ceased, and a lady, who was going to church, hastened her steps; but what was her surprise, on reaching the church-door, to find no one there: she went to the clerk's house to inquire the cause of the bells ceasing, and no clergyman being in church; the clerk's wife replied, Mr. Perton had come in a great hurry, and said the bells should not ring—Mrs. Hobnail's cow was dead! "What!" said the lady, "is Mr. Perton to bury the cow! he cannot do the duty." "They are not going to bury the cow," the woman replied, "but skin it,

and cut it up, and sell it out at three pence a pound." "And is Mr. Perton to skin, cut up, and weigh out the cow?" said the lady. "I do not know no more than you, ma'am," the clerk's wife said; "Mr. Perton went back in a great hurry, and I do not know what they are after, not I." Mr. Perton was supposed to be busy with the carving knife for the ensuing hour; for an hour elapsed before the bells rung again, and then Mrs. Hobnail, having nothing further to do but weigh out, and take the money, she dismissed the parson to church, and the parish were allowed to say their prayers.

Mrs. Hobnail chose to have it said, she could make the parson do as she pleased; she thought finessing would be necessary to bring Mr. Perton to *marry* Molly; and she was always planning schemes to have him and Molly talked of. Sometimes the parish bells rang for an hour of a Sunday,

and the congregation would be grumbling about the church-door: one would say, "I wish Moll and the Parson would come;" another would say, "Church is so late to-day, I suppose it is to do for to-day, and next Sunday too." It cannot be supposed, in such a parish, that chastity should abound; bastards were plentiful; and, to give them every *encouragement* and *credit*, Mr. Perton churched the mothers.

A violent contest now took place in the parish; the ale-house was to be disposed of. On the former owner retiring upon his fortune, Mrs. Hobnail appointed a man, and ordered him to take possession; but Strictland would not give up the license to him: so Mr. Gape ventured to oppose Mrs. Hobnail, and he appointed his own horse-keeper. Mrs. Hobnail made Perton side with her: but what did the parish care for such a jack-straw of a priest: they stood out stoutly; and Gape's man was victorious.

Mrs. Hobnail was now determined she would hasten the match with Molly; for her throne appeared to totter under her.

The blacksmith was employed to get an heir upon the stocks; he was to have a sow if she proved with child, and a cow if it brought about the marriage with Perton. Perton frequently dined with both Gapes and Hobnails: they put gin into his elder wine to make him tipsey, and left him alone with Molly: if they could accomplish making him dead drunk, they would have put him to bed to Molly; but that scheme they could not carry into execution. Perton was thought too old by his family to be taken in: but Mrs. Hobnail was a deep politician, and Perton was weak. The Pertons had so little fear of them, that both Gapes and Hobnails were sometimes asked to dine at Knowton; and the carriage was sent for them: Mrs. Hobnail used to parade about, and make so many calls in her

way to Knowton to shew herself in Mr. Perton's carriage; she never omitted an opportunity of making the most of herself and the Pertons. William Perton began to feel himself so hampered with the Hobnails, he felt afraid he should not get out of their clutches: as a hopes of getting Molly off his hands, he had recourse to a shameful expedient, of trying to hamper a very young man with her: he took over a young nobleman, under pretence of shewing him a fine horse belonging to John Hobnail, and he was taken into the house to drink wine with Molly; the bait did not take with Lord St. Aubyn. Such a great, coarse, strapping wench was not very saleable goods: Perton then took over an idle young cousin, prone enough to mischief; but that did not do: Molly was fated to be a mill-stone about his neck.

Miss Hobnail now began to shew the heir was approaching, so Mrs. Hobnail

beset him, in conjunction with Mr. Gape, to make an honest woman of her. Perton at first laughed contemptuously, and stood out stout against Molly. Mrs. Hobnail "swore she would have the gown stripped off his shoulders: she could make up a nice story to the Bishop how he neglected the parish; what do you think my lord will say for your stopping the bells for my cow? why you could not have done more had my lord himself been dead, and you know how you keep the church waiting;—and all the village knows you are alone with Molly, and every body sees you, do as I bid you. If you don't marry Molly before next Sunday, I shall have you set out to the Bishop." Then Gape put in;—"Aye, depend upon it, Mr. Perton, all your indecencies you have committed in the parish shall go to the Bishop; he is very strict, and you will lose both your livings." Perton stood aghast. In this sad dilemma

ah what could he do? To marry Molly was a bitter pill; though his family was not nice about their wives, yet Molly he could not produce, without a blush; and then to take her home to his mother: she could not bear a rival in the house, and Molly would not give way to her. There would be flint and steel; one strike, the other fire. Yet to lose his livings, that was still worse. Oh! worse than death indeed. If all his transactions were laid before the Bishop, there was inevitable disgrace, if not beggary. His family would prefer Molly Hobnail to loss of income. Long did he weigh, and ponder for and against. The wench was with child,—how much were appearances against him,—he could never clear himself,—the transactions with the blacksmith he was in the dark about. Then he turned to the arguments on the side of the advantages in the match. He should have the opulent part of the parish on his

side, he might get it enclosed and raise his living; he might at elections make some profit of their votes. At last the reluctant consent was extorted from him, and the following Thursday fixed for making him happy.

Poor Perton sneaked home like a dog in disgrace; how should he ever bring out the news to his mother, of her rival, so soon to come to the house. Perton thought he had better say, the tale of his transactions in the Parish had been carried to the Bishop, and he was summoned to attend him, and it was thought nothing could save him from being stripped of his livings. This was such a blow, that when they found he was going to marry Molly Hobnail, to save an inquiry into the business, it seemed quite a flea-bite. Molly, with the livings, was nothing in comparison to losing them. The matter was so adroitly managed, that it seemed a good match, a very natural

attachment, when they were so much together; they were a very old family, very respectable, and might come into a fortune, so Mrs. William Perton was thought of without much horror.

The happy Thursday came that was to make Mr. William Perton the enraptured bridegroom. On his arrival at Hobnail farm, he found the bride elect most elegantly attired, in a deep yellow muslin, with a green beaver hat, and scarlet feather, all the family of Gapes and Hobnail attended the happy pair to church. Earl Mareschal Gape and the bride went first; then followed the bridegroom with Mrs. Hobnail and Mrs. Gape, on each side, bearing on his arm. Thinks he to himself, I am like the king's arms supported by two beasts. Then followed the two lovely bride-maids, Nancy Hobnail, and Mary Gape, clad in robes of virgin white, gallanted by John and William Hobnail. Poor Perton, when he

took the hand of Molly to lead her to the altar, turned as pale as death. It was the bridegroom trembled, not the bride. But the service was concluded and they turned from the altar, indissolubly united.

When the party were returning from church, a large assemblage of the villagers met them, one carrying a pair of ass's ears, another a pair of horns. At the head of the procession was Rory the blacksmith, who immediately made up to Mrs. Hobnail to claim his cow. She wanted to keep that business a secret, but Rory was so elevated with his riches, he had been drinking very freely at the alehouse, and would not be quieted Mrs. Hobnail said I will attend you to-morrow, I am too flustered now to speak to you. But Rory would not be put off; and the bridegroom inquiring into the cause of the disturbance, Rory told him the whole story, not without a hearty burst of laughter, in which he was joined

by the surrounding villagers. On walked the bridegroom, with his pregnant bride bearing on his arm, and hanging down his head, looking like a fool. He had such a dread of the violence of Mrs. Hobnail, and her darter Molly, he dared not attempt to oppose them.

Bride-cake and elder wine were set out, and long life and happiness drank to the happy pair: after eating a hearty lunch, and drawing some cake through the ring, for the unmarried, the bride and bridegroom set off for Knowton. Mrs. William Perton's dress was not much admired by her new relations, but they expected to be able to new-model her, and they had given out William was going to be married to an old attachment, and the Hobnails were people of very good family. Maria was the appellation she now assumed amongst them.

There was not a very pleasing altercation at dinner respecting sitting at the head

of the table. Maria was going to sit there, and Mrs. Perton said it was her seat. "Why, old girl, said Maria, do you think I shall give way to you, I am a lady now, and I shall be mistress of the house."—"Not while I live," thundered out Mrs. Perton. "Aye we shall soon see who's to be master here," said Mrs. William Perton. The bridegroom was forced to part the combatants, by being very gallant to his bride, and said, she must sit by him; and the old gentleman said he must have the pleasure of setting by her: so this business was got over for the present. Mrs. Perton was not made of mouldable materials, and had strenuously endeavoured to keep her son from marrying, that she might have no rival in the house. She was very willing to connive at any connexion short of matrimony; but a daughter-in-law she vehemently protested against. But how short-sighted are some of the deepest politicians.

She was now circumvented, but she flattered herself, as the bride was not a gentlewoman, she would be implicitly guided by her. What a blunder! Mrs. Perton knew little of life to suppose low blood and ignorance were easily managed: a well educated gentlewoman might have given way to her, but Maria never. A thorn was now fixed in the side of Mrs. Perton, she would always find a grievous torment.

The Perton family were determined, let the world think what they would of the match, they would appear to be pleased with it; and think William had done very well: so Maria was introduced with great parade to their friends.

A very fine opportunity soon presented itself, of bringing out the bride with great eclat. Lord Haresfield had a public day, and they determined to bring out Maria with as much pride and exultation as if she had been an heiress possessed of beauty and

accomplishments. Mrs. William Perton thought it would be civil to introduce her aunt Gape at Lord Haresfield's, and wrote a note to her to offer her a place in the carriage Mrs. Gape returned the following answer.

"Mrs. Gape presents her compliments to Mrs. William Perton; she is at once both happy and uneasy at her kind remembrance of her: she is sorry it will not be in her power to accompany her to Lord Haresfield's public day, as she will be busy at home with cheese and butter; therefore she must forego the mortification of that satisfaction. She wishes Mrs. William Perton every satisfaction the public day can afford, and setting aside such transient joys, every substantial bliss you merit."

The day arrived, and Mr. and Mrs. Perton, with the two Misses Perton, in a hack chaise, and Mr. and Mrs. William

Perton in her bridal dress, in their open carriage, set off for Haresfield house.

When they got into the saloon, Mrs. Perton was drawing herself up in great state, and going to present her daughter-in-law with great apparent pride and pleasure, when Mrs. William Perton bolted past her. "Old girl," said she, "I shall go first, now I'm a lady," and almost knocking Mrs. Perton down with her violence, she strides into the drawing-room. The Countess of Haresfield, who was remarkable for the ease and elegance of her manners, was astonished at the entrée; a coarse brawny figure, clad like a parroquet, very big with child, and looking scarlet red with heat. Who can this be, she thought. Mrs. William Perton said, "How do you do, my lady? I hope you are pretty well, my lady: don't you know me, my lady? I'm Mrs. William Perton, Mr. William Perton's wife. By

the time this oration was finished, the rest of the family arrived in the room, and Mrs. Perton presented the bride. "Why she knows already who I am," said Mrs. William Perton: "you may hold your gab." The bride now walked forward into the room to stare about her; the elegance and size of the room astonished her, and she strides up to her husband, and says, "Why lawk, Bill, never stir if this room ben't papered with silk gowns!"

The bride now attracted universal attention. Is that a parrot just landed in all its gaudy plumage? was the question. It is the bride, Mrs. William Perton, was the answer. Mr. Gate, who was always upon his great horse, in the company of nobility, thought it a fine opportunity of shewing his intimacy with the family, to go and talk to the bride; and explain to her how sumptuous the house was: so he accosted Mrs. William Perton with saying, "You are,

doubtless, charmed with the superb and brilliant furniture in this room?" "My eyes!" says the bride; "why I never see'd nothing like it before; 'tis unpossible nothing can be genteeler. "Yet," said Mr. Gate, "seeing it now, you have no idea what it is when lighted up; I have seen it lighted with coloured lamps; they are not here now, they had a most brilliant effect. And the eating-room is so grand; it is such a fine sized room, and you will see such a display of plate; you have no idea of all the magnificence you will see: I have seen all the grandeur and magnificence of this house, and a most brilliant effect it has." "Mayhap you have," said Mrs. W. Perton. This so disconcerted Mr. Gate, he turned upon his heel and left her, and made up to the Earl P——y, who was standing by the fire. Mr. Gate turning his back to the fire, said, "Is that a good house of yours in the Strand, my lord?" His lordship re-

plied with much good humour and humility to so strange a question, " It is a very comfortable family house." " Is there many good pictures in it?" again catechized Mr. Gate: his lordship, with unvaried good humour, again replied, " The most celebrated is the Aurora of Guido." " Ah, ah," says Mr. Gate, " the Aurora of Guido is a very fine picture; I have seen it often amongst my great friends; I know the Aurora of Guido perfectly."

Mrs. William Perton, gaping and staring at every thing, saw Lord Haresfield with the Order of the Garter about his leg: " Why, lawk," says she, " that little man has got a ribbon about his leg, with some reading upon it; mayhap his sweetheart gin it to him; I'll go and see what is upon it:" so she stooped down to see and read— 'Honey sold for many pence!'—Why, lawk, I suppose that there gentleman keeps a mort of bees, so he's got a sight of honey to sell, and gives notice round his leg: well,

I think when my turkeys are fit to sell, I shall put it about my legs—'Fat turkeys to sell."

Sir Sawney and Lady Bell were now announced; and in bounced, swelling with importance, a tall large-limbed figure, whom nature sent into the world plain; but with the addition of a false neck, red and white paint, lighter hair, and handsome clothes; she was a showy looking woman. Sir Sawney was no more than between thirty and forty years older; short, fat, and somewhat resembling Sancho Panca in figure: my lady was first cousin to Mr. William Perton; she had no fortune, and her father and mother were parted: the father is the vilest of profligates; the mother with the temper of a dozen Xantippes.

Eliza Perton went with an uncle to the East Indies, where Sir Sawney Bell then was, and he made her an offer: she thought she might pick and choose in the East Indian market, and did not relish an old man;

so she refused him. Her uncle's health would not allow him to remain in the East Indies, and the niece came back, Eliza Perton. When asked how she came to return home single, she replied,—she had only time to make one conquest, and she did not think it necessary to take up with an old man there; so she dashed at refusing him; and Cupid hooked no more in her chains. In a twelvemonth Sir Sawney returned to England: Miss had eaten humble pie; and told Sir Sawney, she would have him *now*. He would not reject so humble a suitor, and condescended to accept her for his wife: and the bride elect then said, she had always determined to have an old husband, for young men were so dissipated, she refused *every one* that had offered: there she probably spoke the truth, for none were likely to have offered to her: so they became Sir Sawney and Lady Bell. Sir Sawney is lately made a Baronet, and my

Lady makes a great bounce with her title: she is the fondest of wives; but she is not likely to be long lived, for she injures her health with using so much art.

Mrs. William Perton goes up to her cousin—" Why, lawk, my lady cousin, how you are painted; why, I can see the red and white paint as plain as the nose on your face." Lady Bell commonly wore upon her head, on all occasions, a close cap that looked like a smart *bonnet de nuit*; and Mrs. William Perton said to her, " Why, cousin, what a slug-a-bed you must be; I suppose you are but just up, and had not time to pull off your night-cap." Lady Bell did not relish the critiques of her new relation, and passed on into the room. Lady Bell, in spite of all the time she had spent in dressing herself, was not the belle of the room: Miss Canning had a fine figure, good face, dressed with taste, and was an accomplished, elegant, pleasing wo-

man, with very superior manners. Lady Bell never liked to meet her, for she always felt herself eclipsed.

Lord Haresfield was conversing with Lady Bartlow, when Dr. and Mrs. Dunder were announced, and he said to her Ladyship, "I did not know Dr. Dunder had consoled himself with a second wife; who might she be? I plainly perceive he did not marry for youth, beauty, or elegance of figure." "She will not tell your Lordship that story," replied Lady Bartlow; "I is the little hero of each tale; if she writes her own memoirs, the printer will never be able to furnish I's enough for her: no woman, as she tells you, ever was so admired for beauty, grace, or accomplishments; she was the finest dancer in the kingdom, till the rheumatism got into her ancle; that spoilt the agility of her dancing, grace of her walking, and shape of her ancle; else all was perfection in the shape

and movement of her legs; but what are legs to a woman with such fascinating manners; let her go where she will, she is the universal favourite of the gentlemen. Yet by some unlucky accident, she remained a virgin till she had passed her fiftieth year; and Dr. Dunder stood out a siege of twenty years. Her aunt was the worst of match-makers; for she tried all means to get her married to men of fortune, but the most likely mode to get a plain ordinary woman off; that she would be mistress of nine hundred a year, at the demise of Nunky and his spouse. Dr. Dunder came to settle in their neighbourhood, upon some good preferment, and close siege was laid to him: then the friends of a pretty woman, twenty years younger, beset him to take her; she was portionless: and the gay widow Garret was accused of making a dead point at him; but that trap did not go off. Now your Lordship can hardly

suppose, a deaf man, of fifty, who was merely a good sort of a man, should have excited such a competition. But eager was the contest on both sides: whip went Miss Draper, spur went Miss Bedford; and the two jockeys seemed neck and neck. The Doctor was not insensible to beauty, but then he also loved money; and anticipated such a numerous offspring with a young wife, he hung suspended, till a female philanthropist threw five thousand pounds into the scale with Miss Bedford; whilst Miss Draper's simple aunt never hinted about her nine hundred a year; else the knowing ones think, had that been added to Miss Draper, she would have kicked up Miss Bedford; but as Miss Draper was supposed to be portionless, she was looked upon as a dose of physic, and beauty won the cause. Mrs. Dunder got into good quarters, and eat and drank so heartily, she became enormously fat, and loved her ease,

and led an indolent life; and at the end of ten years, died in her first lying-in. Miss Draper in the mean time set to work upon a widower; her aunt thrust her into a party going to Harrogate for the health of the second daughter: having achieved this, she thought it remained with the niece, so to act the mamma-in-law, she could never be allowed to quit them; but all this time the fortune was kept in the back-ground; else it sthought Mr. Maidman might not have been so positive in his rejection of her. And now the horizon began to clear, and a dawn of hope revived; that Dr. Dunder might yet be come-at-able: he was a widower, with an infant child; Miss Draper doted on the babe: he must be for ever with her; she lived but in his sight: if he went near the door, she screamed, for fear he should tumble down stairs and break his neck; if he went near the window, she was in hysterics, for fear he should fracture his skull

out of windows; and he was on no account to pass her without paying turnpike. Nunky died, and Dr. Dunder was left joint executor with Miss Draper: that must bring them much together, and let the Doctor into the secret of her fortune; but the Doctor pocketted his legacy, and left the fair damsel all the trouble: no progress was made: but she got the child to the house, often went to visit him; and by hook and by crook, at the end of six years, the bells rung out a merry peal, and Miss Draper was become Mrs. Dunder. But, poor thing, she was so humiliated by the Doctor's cruelty, and her pride so pulled down, that when I paid her the wedding visit, I said to her niece, Miss Draper, I hear you are going to follow your aunt's example: yes, said the bride, Mary is soon to be married; and then, in a tone of deep humility, added, *that affair has helped me on very much.*

"Will Mr. and Mrs. Chileshurst be here to-day?" said Lord Haresfield; "Does not your Lordship know the calamitous catastrophe that has happened in that family?" said Lady Bartlow? "Mrs. Chileshurst was last week sitting all alone by herself in the drawing-room, when, oh! horrors in the thought! off tumbled a tea canister from the chimney-piece: so horrible an incident harrowed up the sensibility of her feelings, and a premature labour was the consequence: whether the child was most like a pound of hyson, or congou, I have not heard. An express was sent off for the youngest sister, to nurse her; but as only the two youngest were at home, and Sophia dare not sleep alone, she could not part with her sister: so Mrs. Chileshurst must recover as she can.

Mrs. Brown and Miss Holden were now announced, and a melancholy looking figure in mourning, with a stiff maiden sister fol-

lowing, entered the room. Lord Haresfield applied to Lady Bartlow to know who that broken-hearted widow was? "She is not broken-hearted because she is a widow, my Lord, but because it is her *happiness* to be *miserable*. The worm of discontent is eternally gnawing her heart: her father was a silk mercer in London—on his death the mother went to live at Bath—then Miss hated Bath, and London was the only place to live in—then she married a man of fortune; but unfortunately his gold was acquired in an ironmonger's shop—that the mercer's daughter thought a great let down to her consequence, though their silk only produced a bare competence. Mr. Brown has an estate ten miles on the other side of the county, and his bride thought, his fortune and her coming from Bath, must make her looked up to by all the country. Mrs. Brown would, of course, have the first place in all companies, and set the fashions,

give the ton of etiquette, and in short made ciphers of all the old established families. But woe, and alas! hardly any body thought her worthy to be visited; and those that did visit her, she looked upon as only the refuse of the country. "Hence all her griefs and all her sorrows rise."

Mrs. Brown, at her debût of dinners, shewed her sow's ear—the boiled chickens were completely despatched—the footman went out for a supply, and appeared brandishing the relay of chickens on a fork over Mrs. Perton's head; and dropping the butter over her new sarsnet gown, as he placed them in the dish on the table: and a second gaucherie exhibited at this memorable dinner was partridges in the first course. Every body saw Mrs. Brown was no gentlewoman, and the more she was seen the less she was liked; and she became such a nobody in the county, she took a mortal aversion to it. She never was paid attention enough

to, and seated the lowest of married ladies. Poor stiff Miss Holden with her head on one side, had such a curious disappointment in love. She fancied a neighbour over head and ears in love with her, and sat in daily expectation of the swain to lay his heart and fortune at her feet, when, death to her hopes, a meddlesome old maid, at a large dinner party, asserted she was engaged to a gentleman at Bath. She was instantly questioned who she had the report from: it was her nephew—he was catechized who he heard it from—Mr. Sternhold Kipling was the man. Mr. Brown was ordered to write a long letter of remonstrance to Mr. Sternhold Kipling, expatiating on the infamy of his behaviour, which was calculated to keep all men from offering marriage to Miss Holden, and insisting upon so *foul* a *slander* being contradicted wherever it had been uttered. Mr. Spencer Andrews, after a due admonition for the *enormity* of his *offence*,

was allowed to make his peace by kissing Miss Holden's hand upon his knees; and the meddlesome old maid, whose idle tattle had been the cause of all this much ado about nothing, was thought a great fool by the young men.

But no offer came, though so much pains was taken to proclaim her ready for marriage; and poor stiff Miss Holden is still upon the pavé for a husband. "And pray, my lord, observe her attitude, the head inclined to the left shoulder; in that attitude, as she enters a room, so she remains during all her sojourn." But I must return to the widow's miseries: she could afford to wear broad lace, but no where could she display it at home; so she must go to Bath, there she could put on her best clothes, go to the rooms and look, with the animation of a statue; and the only signs of life her husband gave in company was, to bite his nails.

Children did not reconcile this restless being to home; to shew her best clothes was a far dearer object, and she tormented Mr. Brown into selling his property in this county. Before the sale was completed, when this discontented being was seven months gone with child, and Christmas the worst time of the year for a long journey, nothing would satisfy her but off she must go to Bath, to enjoy balls, and concerts, and plays, and routs: the mother of three children had no employment at home. The journey was a hundred and fifty miles in the dead of the winter; roads at the worst, and her advanced state of pregnancy, a reason against the whole plan. The husband remonstrated; she never minded him. The accoucheur remonstrated, she would go: Then he said she had better lie-in at Bath: No, she should return to lie-in. Two ladies had died in child-bed at Bath; so she might. Off they set, and she put on her best clothes,

and spread her broad lace on her shoulders, and shewed her person like a ship in full sail, in all public places; and she would not consent to leave Bath till ten days before she expected to be confined. Her husband, good easy soul, consented, when he should have given her a horsewhipping, and fell the victim; he caught a fever; his wife was too much taken up with *herself* to attend to him. He was neglected, and died from carelessness of those who were about him. She brought a dead child into the world. I should have respected her more had the thoughts of her folly, and the dreadful consequences, killing her husband and child, prevented her recovering her lying-in; but as long as she did not suffer what cared she? and in spite of the melancholy catastrophe of her wilful journey, she insisted upon it, it was an excellent plan, and the best management. The child was much less trouble in the journey, travelling in embryo than had

she waited till after her confinement; and moreover the best of the Bath season would have been over then: and she could not tell her husband would catch a fever and die, or her racketing kill the child; and besides great allowances are to be made for women when they are in so *extraordinary* a situation as to be with-child; it is to be expected they should have fancies, and be wilful and headstrong. She longed to go to Bath; and then women drink sometimes more when they are with-child; they can drink without being fuddled, and so that might affect her; and so she became a widow, and now she is discontented at that. But she is determined to live at Bath to have her fill of that; and she vapours about, and her stiff sister puffs up her pride. She has the consolation of having made her husband sell the estate, so her son has no home. He will be a Bath lounger, and be taken in by a Bath miss: perhaps become a gam-

bler. Then she will have the pleasure of being unhappy at that, and her daughters may run off with Irishmen, have a spice of mamma's wilfulness.

Dinner was now announced; and Lord Haresfield was leading Lady Silke out, but the bride rushed past them, and seated herself at the top of the table: Lord Haresfield led Lady Silke to the bottom. Mr. Bishop's great delight was to get somebody to quiz; he determined the bride should be his day's sport, and he seated himself next her. He began by admiring a large broach she had in her hat; she said it was Bill's hair; she had taken it to the shop, and the man shewed her so many things he called devices: so I said at last, Well, come, I think I shall choose this-here woman *lolloping upon a garden-pot;* so the man set up such a laugh; Why, miss, says he, we call this a female figure reclining upon an urn. "Why, lawk, says I, I'm sure it looks more likerer

a garden-pot, and to be sure she lollops finely." Mr. Bishop could hardly stifle his laugh; he now asked the bride to drink a glass of wine: "With all my heart," she said: "I shan't drink elder wine now, I shall have some of your quality wine, I shall drink nodino." Mr. Bishop thought champaign would do as well as Noyeau; so he called for champaign, which the bride drank with great pleasure. "It drinks so sharp," she said, "and feels so warm and comfortable in your stomach; and I was as dry as dust with my ride. Have you heard of my new chay?" she said; "you know, now I'm a lady, it was unpossible to think of riding in our dung-cart any longer; so I told Bill I must have a chay; and I thought it would be a mort more conwenent to have the seat the shape of my ba——de! So I telled the coach-maker to make it so; and he said he could not do it without a shape; so I war puzzled about

that; and I thought, and I thought; so at last I thought it could be done in putty! so I axed our glazier to send a big lump; and he said it would be a monstrous co-macal job as ever he heard tell of; but I said, I must have it; and he sent such a sight, as big as two men could carry; so they knew what it war sent for, and laughed fit to crack their sides; and they smacked it down in our hall, and we all laughed; so I tumbled down smack into the putty, and then the men moulded it as nice as wax!!"

Mr. Bishop was quite over-set with this narration, and laughed as much as the men: he resolved to make the bride tipsy, and kept plying her with champaign, which she very readily drank. She now said, "I declare I sit and sweat, and so I have ever sin I've been here! why, lawk, my lady, you look as cool as a cucumber; I suppose you quality-folks do not have such muck sweats as such as we have!"

There was a very magnificent plateau on the table, of plate-glass, set in silver: this pleased the bride extremely; she kept bending forward to see herself and others eat. "It looks so comical," she said, "to see people eating:" Mr. Bishop said, "the French liked glass every where; they not only had it on their tables, but had rooms pannelled with glass, and glass put in the tops of their beds." Here Mrs. William Perton set up a loud laugh, saying, "That was so comical to see yourself in bed." She now began to feel the champaign taking effect, and grew very communicative: "Do you know," said she, "Bill has got a great pair of horns on his head." "Oh!" said Mr. Bishop, "he is not the first Perton who has been so adorned; it is a family in which the females, both by birth and marriage, are not famed for chastity," "Mother was too much for Bill," she said: "there she made him do

just as she pleased; he dare not say no to her; and she made him put church off for one of our cows: and we never cared how long we kept people waiting for church: and so when I fell with child Bill was so scart, for mother said the Bishop should know all his goings on if he did not marry me, so he dare not be off; but I do not care a button for none of 'em; I'm master amongst 'em all. I boxed the old girl's ears one day. Why you old nincum-poop, says I, do you think I shall let you have any toleration over me; though Bill and I have made a compaction together, I do not mind you no more than a flea. She was very grump, and she's as proud as Lucifer himself; and for that matter, Lady Bell is proud enough: and she's so painted and dizened out; and then Sir Sawney, he's a queer old frump; only people say, unless he's Old Nick himself, she's better off with him than her mother; for

her mother to be sure is the very moral of Old Nick himself." Mr. Bishop was delighted with these family secrets, and kept Mrs. William Perton prating on.

The Countess of Haresfield now rose, and the ladies went into the drawing-room; but Mrs. William Perton was by this time unable to stand, and she seized hold of Mrs. Perton's arm as she passed, "Come, old girl," said she, "you must lead me;" and out she staggered into the drawing-room, where she threw herself at full length upon a sofa and fell fast a sleep, and snored like a drove of pigs going to market. The whole suite of rooms were laid open, and the ladies walked about; when they returned to the drawing-room Mrs. Perton went up to her daughter-in-law: "Maria," said she, "you forget yourself; do sit up." "Ah! old girl," said Mrs. William Perton, "that nodino is so deadly heavy, it makes my head swim and turn round like a cherry-

clack; every thing seems to go wiggle waggle in the room." So she turned about and resumed her snoring.

When the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, the bridegroom thought the best thing he could do was to get the bride away: so he tried to raise her up; but she mistaking him for the blacksmith, said, "No, Rory, I shan't have nothing more to do with you; I'm a lady now; I shan't have no more to do with such low-lived fellows as you." Mr. William Perton was in such a rage with her, and said, "Maria, do recollect yourself:" and he tried to pull her up; but she still mistaking him for the blacksmith, said, "You're a low-lived fellow; I shall say nothing to you no more."

Mr. Bishop assisting to heave her up, Molly was set upon her legs, and was led out of the room. When they got into the saloon, the servant was there who had

stood behind the bride's chair, and heard her description of her chay; so he called out Mrs. William Perton's chay. She now began to hiccup most furiously. Mr. William Perton could not get her by himself down the flight of steps; and one of the grooms, seeing the dilemma, helped to lead her down; but the attempt to heave her into the carriage was so violent a motion, that all her dinner came over the groom's new white livery. This so provoked the man, he boxed her ears: that and the sickness so roused Molly, that she returned the blow with all her might, and a boxing-match commenced between Mrs. William Perton and the groom: the servants forming a ring round them, hallooing and clapping, "Well done, Ralph! well done, Molly! that blow tells; lay 'em in well; she's a good bottom." Lord Haresfield inquired into the meaning of this

uproar; and on being informed, begged his lawn might not be turned into a bear-garden, and Mrs. William Perton was heaved into her chay, and driven home by her enraptured bridegroom. Maria was put to bed as soon as she got home; and with the assistance of ten hours' sleep, was pretty well recovered next day. She used often to talk of Lord Haresfield's wine being so good; "but I must remember," she would say, "how deadly heady that nodino wine is." She had heard of Noyeau, which she called nodino, and always fancied it was that she had drank at Lord Haresfield's.

The bride of course was much talked of, and Lord and Lady Haresfield, not greatly pleased with having such a creature brought to their house. The Pertons persisted in being delighted with the match; Maria was such an elegant accomplished woman; but so delicate, poor thing she was subject

to fainting fits: and one of *her* fits had seized her at Lord Haresfield's; it was very unfortunate.

In three months' time the bride presented her husband with an heir; that occasioned some conversation in the neighbourhood; but the Pertons were perfectly satisfied all was right: William had been some time privately married; it was a long attachment: but he dreaded his mother's resentment if he married, so it was kept concealed as long as possible.

The child was born with a great wen, and Rory, the blacksmith, happened to have a wen. Mrs. William Perton used to say, she could not think how the child came to have such a wen, unless it was she *thought* so much about the blacksmith's wen. This son and heir of the Perton family certainly was not lovely; but so he was born, and so he remained: and grandmamma Perton af-

fected to exhibit her grand-child with much exultation.

The Pertons had prided themselves much on visiting at Haresfield-house; and they hoped by the interest of Lord Haresfield, to gain some great preferment for William; and Lord Haresfield had sometimes employed his brother, who was an attorney: so the family entertained lively hopes of attaining to great grandeur by that means. But Latitat having on one occasion acted the part of Sir Bullface Double-fee, Lord Haresfield ignominiously discarded him from his employ; and so tumbled down the hopes and aspirations of the Pertons. No more public days at Haresfield-house for Mrs. William Perton to exhibit herself at. This was a great blow to the grandeur of the family, and the Hobnail alliance did not help to prop it up.

CHAPTER III.

"Delightful task to rear the tender mind, and
Teach the young ideas how to shoot."

SIR ROBERT DE GREY thought travelling a healthy, pleasant and instructive mode of spending time. Jemima had never been out of her native country, and he determined to take her a tour upon the coast, and then to go southwards. The first place they stopped to survey was Holy Island, by some called a semi-island, being twice an island and twice continent in one day. At the flowing of the tide it is encompassed with water, and at the ebb there is almost a dry passage for carriages, from the main land, from which it is distant about two miles. The water over these flats, at spring

tides, is only seven feet deep. Holy Island contains about a thousand acres, half of which, situated to the north, is deemed incapable of improvement, being sand hills, affording little vegetation; this part, as a rabbit-warren, is productive to the proprietor. Such parts as are exposed to the violence of the tempests from the north-east, are subject to be covered with floods of sand, which are frequently carried by the winds to a great distance from the shore. The ground on which the village stands rises abruptly from the shore. At the southern point is a rock of a conical figure, and almost perpendicular; it is near sixty feet in height, having on its lofty crown a small castle, which makes a formidable appearance.

The village consists of a few irregular houses, chiefly inhabited by fishermen. The shore of this island is in many parts excellent for bathing, and the situation is at once

healthy and romantic; it is becoming a place of much resort: the walks are solemn, and formed for contemplation. The north and east coasts of the island are formed of perpendicular rocks. Great remains of the old Abbey are standing; nothing but confused ruins shew where the monastic building stood. Some assert that the monastery was built by St. Cuthbert, of a humble model, without ornament, and enclosed with a high wall, in order that outward objects might not withdraw the attention of the recluse from divine contemplations.

The rock on which the castle stands is inaccessible, except by a winding pass, cut in the southern side. The narrow space at the top of the rock will not admit of many works; the whole strength consists in a single battery, mounted with seven or eight guns, which commands the approach to the island from the sea, but would be of

little consequence opposed to a ship of any magnitude. The rest of the summit is taken up with a house for the governor and the garrison; the walls of which stand on the very brink of the precipice. A fortress in this situation would be almost impregnable, before the use of gunpowder: where the superstructure would be above the reach of any engine, and the rocks too high to be scaled.

The prospect from the island is beautiful: to the northward is a view of the town of Berwick, over an arm of the sea, about seven miles in breadth. At nearly the same distance is Bambrough Castle, on a bold promontory towards the south; on the one hand you have a view of the open sea, sometimes rough and gloomy, at others calm and resplendent, and scattered over with vessels; and on the other side a narrow channel about two miles in width. The distant shore exhibits a beautiful hang-

ing landscape of cultivated country, adorned with a variety of cottages, villages, and woodlands.

St. Cuthbert, the celebrated saint of the north, from whose exemplary and wonderful life the church derived such great honours and immense riches, must not be passed over in silence. This eminent personage was born of obscure parents, and in his youth was a shepherd: whilst feeding his flocks he had a beatific vision, and saw St. Aidan's spirit ascend into heaven. Moved by this supernatural appearance, he applied to the Abbey of Melrose, where he gained admittance and initiation. Fourteen years he resided at Melrose, beloved and venerated by the religious fraternity; and when Eata removed from Melrose to Lindisfarn, Cuthbert accompanied him, and was made Prior.

Possessed of a graceful person, an emphatic and clear expression, poignant wit

and eloquence, and engaging manners, his doctrines were persuasive and irresistible. For twelve years he governed the Priory of Lindisfarn where he lived an exemplary life of piety and self-denial; and never ceased his exhortations to religion and virtue, frequently taking journeys into the desert and mountainous parts of the country, to instruct and convert the most barbarous inhabitants. But the scrupulous St. Cuthbert, fearing that the ease and luxury of a monastic life, afforded too selfish enjoyments, and distracted his spirit from contemplation, he retired from Lindisfarn, and commenced the life of an anchorite in the largest of the Farn islands, lying opposite to Bambrough, and within sight of Lindisfarn. There he built a cell, with a small oratory, and surrounded it with a wall, which cut off the view of every object but heaven. He could not have chosen a place better adapted to a life of

mortification and severity than this island; it was horrible: situated near a stormy coast, surrounded by rocks, over which the sea beats incessantly with the greatest fury, destitute of fresh water, without tree for shelter, or shrub bearing fruit, or aught to sustain human life, and worse than all, said to be inhabited by devils. But a sudden and miraculous change took place, on St. Cuthbert taking up his solitary residence there; the flinty rock bubbled with fountains of fresh water; the erst barren soil, brought forth grain with prolific abundance; trees and shrubs bearing fruit decked the smiling shores. The troubled waves were still, the plains were clad with verdure, and odoriferous flowers perfumed the air: the evil spirits were bound in everlasting chains, and angels of light communed with the anchorite.

In this solitude St. Cuthbert dwelt nine years; when at the Synod held at Twy-

ford-on-Aln, he was elected to the episcopacy. He expressed great reluctance to accept this dignity, being determined not to quit his cell, and the austerities he had made habitual to him. But upon the King sailing over to the island, accompanied by many nobles and ecclesiastics, he was prevailed upon, by the tears of his sovereign, who with the whole company kneeled to him, and adjured him, in the name of the Most High, to accept the sacred office.

Here it may not be improper to remark, that St. Cuthbert was a character diametrically opposite to Abelard. He had a decided aversion to the female sex; and he conceived the greatest horror at the wickedness which had been brought to light by the burning of Coldingham Monastery. He ordered women to be kept at a distance from the church, and convent of Lindisfarn; and appropriated a chapel, in

the distant part of the island, for the reception of the female sex. From hence women were excluded the churches and cemeteries where St. Cuthbert's body rested; and some miraculous punishments are related, which attended the infringement of this injunction. In the Cathedral at Durham, the pavement is marked with a cross of black marble, beyond which, women were not allowed to advance towards the choir.

St. Cuthbert enjoyed his new dignity but a short time; for within two years, finding his health declining, and his mind tempered more for silence and solitude, than the duties of his high office, he resigned his mitre, and returned to his cell at Farn, where he lived but two months. He was remarkable for an unshaken serenity of temper and meekness of demeanour, by which he exercised an absolute authority over the religious. In his dress he was neither nice nor sordid; and according to

his example, no garments were used in the monastery of Lindisfarn, of various or costly colours; but were for the greater part of the colour of the wool.

In the legend of St. Cuthbert many extraordinary stories are related concerning this renowned Saint. His future honours were foretold when he was a child, by an infant of three years old; who gravely reproved him, "Fie, St. Cuthbert!—what! a presbyter, and a bishop, and playing with boys?" As if the child had seen in his mind's eye the mitre and crosier of St. Cuthbert. When on his way to enter the Abbey of Melrose, he was opposed by the devil, who was compelled to retreat after a good cudgelling. Being faint and exhausted after such violent exertion, a horse discovered to him a loaf of bread. In his dreary solitude, where he remained so long, he had a variety of contests with the devil, the print of whose cloven foot is

to be seen in many places. If any person out of devotion came to visit him, he retired to his cell, and conversed with them through the window. Once indeed, to oblige a lady, the Abbess of Coldingham, he paid her a visit at the Island of Coquet; where going down to the sea, as was his custom every night, two sea-monsters presented themselves kneeling before him, to ask his benediction; which, having received, they returned again to the deep. While preaching to a crowded audience, an alarm was given that a cottage was on fire. A number of his auditors withdrew; but all their efforts to extinguish the fire was ineffectual. The Saint suspecting the illusion, repaired to the scene of action, and ordered a few drops of holy water to be sprinkled on it, on which the devil sneaked off, and the fire disappeared.

When Sir Robert de Grey and his daughter had finished the survey of Holy Island,

they went to pay a visit to Mr. Neville, at Kyloe. Isabella Neville was some years older than Jemima de Grey, and had always been much attached to her. Isabella was anxious to have the pleasure of her society, for she had for the last twelvemonths been a severe sufferer both in body and mind. Her sufferings arose from no common cause; she had from her earliest youth been much at the house of her Sir Roger de Montalt: and there she, unhappily for herself, became deeply enamoured of Mortimer de Montalt. She was not a woman who entered much into society; she had neither variety of company nor amusement to divest her mind from this one sole passion. Mortimer might be said to be the object of her idolatry. Both parents wished for the match. Mortimer had no thoughts of love; he liked Isabella, and behaved with complacency to her. She dared not flatter herself that he loved her; nor could she perceive he was

indifferent to her. She lived in hopes that time would unite them, and the parents waited their leisure; leaving them to prolong or shorten the time of courtship, as suited themselves. Mortimer de Montalt at length became attached to Miss Fitz Roger; love has the eyes of an eagle, and Isabella soon read her doom. She hoped she could tear him from her heart,—she strove,—she shunned his society, and applied with assiduity to her harp, and her pencil; she took all opportunities of extolling Miss Fitz Roger to Sir Roger de Montalt. The eyes of the father now began to open, and he severely reprimanded his son; Mortimer replied—

"For who can say he never felt the fires;
The trembling throbbings of the young desires;
When he beheld the breathing roses glow,
And the soft heavings of the living snow,
The waving ringlets of the auburn hair,
And all the rapturous graces of the fair?
Who can resist, if fixed on him he spy,
The languid softness of the stedfast eye?

Ye who have felt the dear luxurious smart,
When angels' charms attack the powerless heart,
In pity now, relent the brow severe,
And o'er Fernando's weakness drop a tear."

"This is all very fine," said Sir Roger, "but what is to become of Isabella Neville? You know how entirely her heart is devoted to you, and the wish of both parents is for your union. I also don't like Miss Fitz Roger; neither herself or family are equal to Isabella Neville." Mortimer had much to urge for Miss Fitz Roger; she certainly was much superior as a beauty. Isabella entered the room at this juncture, and was soon informed of the cause of the altercation. She had conquered herself, and thought she had a right to subdue Sir Roger; she urged so much in favour of her rival, and said her father had consented to let her live single, which was all she required; that Sir Roger could not refuse to be won by her solicitation. He gave

his consent to the match, and Mortimer de Montalt was soon after united to Miss Fitz Roger, and Isabella Neville was one of the bridemaids. What more could be expected of a mortal? All this Isabella had gone through with the unshaken firmness and fortitude of a martyr. No tear dimmed her eyes; her spirits sunk not: but exhausted nature soon shewed that the mind was more powerful than the body. So alarming an illness subdued her, that her recovery was long doubtful. Her own ardent wishes were for peace in the silent grave; but such was not the will of her Maker. She slowly recovered; and when Sir Robert de Grey and his daughter arrived at Kyloe she had regained her health; and her wishes were to enjoy the society of Jemima, and partake the amusement of their tour. In such a plan of life she hoped to escape from herself.

Sir Robert de Grey was very particular

respecting the female society he allowed Jemima to have; but to Isabella Neville there was no objection, and she was very willingly added to the party, which now set forward to Bambrough Castle. The venerable remains of this celebrated fortress has been considered as a good specimen of palaces and strong holds in the remotest era of the Saxons. It is situated on the top of a high rock, triangular in figure, one of the points projecting into the sea. The aspect towards the sea is very lofty, being near a hundred and fifty feet above the level of low-water mark. Part of the most ancient fortifications on the land side are broken and defaced by the falling of the cliffs, on which they were erected. On this side a circular tower remains of very antique construction, its base projecting in several tiers. Many of the other buildings appear to be the work of more modern ages, till approaching the gateway, which is on the

only accessible part of the rock; it was defended by a deep ditch, cut through a narrow neck communicating with the main land, having a draw-bridge: this lies to the south-east, and on the brink of the precipice above the shore. The gate-way is strengthened by a round tower on each side, from whence passing about twelve paces, you approach a second; and machicollated gate, of a much more modern order of building, having a portcullis. After passing the second gate, on the left hand, on a lofty point of the rock, stands a very ancient round tower of great strength, commanding the pass. Assailants having won this approach entered upon a situation of imminent danger, on a tremendous precipice, subject to every kind of annoyance from the besieged, who possessed the round tower.

In regard to natural strength there is not a situation in Northumberland equal to that

of Bambrough; or one in any wise so well adapted to the ancient rules of fortifications. From the great tower there is an extensive sea and land prospect, that commands the whole group of the Farn Islands, and the castle of Holy Island, which from thence makes a very formidable appearance; and on the more distant peninsula, are discerned the town and fortifications of Berwick. On the other side Dunstanbrough Castle crowns the nearest cliffs, behind which a winding shore is seen with many little promontories, creeks, and bays, beautifully mingled, and graced with multitudes of small vessels, lying in their ports, or under sail. The extreme point of view is Tynemouth, whose ruined monastery gives an obelisk to terminate the landscape. All the inland prospect gradually inclines towards the sea banks, with many considerable swells, displaying a fine cultivated scene to the eye, varied with innumerable villages and hamlets.

Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, was much such a character as Sir Robert de Grey, and has left a charity here, which exhibits the most enlightened and benevolent views; and have been productive of more good than, perhaps, was ever produced by a private donation in this country. The castle and manor were purchased by Lord Crewe; and, with other considerable estates, left vested in trustees to be applied to unconfined charitable purposes. One of the trustees makes this place his residence, and blesses the coast by his judicious and humane application of the prelate's generous bequest: he has repaired and rendered habitable the large and square tower: the part reserved for himself and family, is a large hall, and a few smaller apartments: the remainder of this spacious edifice is allotted for purposes which makes the heart glow with joy, when thought of. The upper part is an ample granary, from whence

corn is dispensed to the poor, without distinction, even in the dearest times, at four shillings a bushel; and the distressed for many miles around experience the blessing of this benefaction.

Other apartments are fitted up for shipwrecked sailors; and bedding is provided for thirty, should such a number happen to be cast on shore at the same time: a constant patrol is kept every stormy night along this tempestuous coast, for above eight miles, the length of the manor: by which means numbers of lives have been preserved. Many poor souls are often found upon the shore in a state of insensibility; but by timely relief are soon brought to themselves.

It often happens that ships strike in such a manner upon the rocks as to be capable of relief, in case numbers of people could be suddenly assembled: for this purpose a cannon is fixed on the top of the tower,

which is fired once, if the accident happens in such a quarter; twice, if in another; and three times, if in such a place. By these signals the country people are directed to the spot they are to fly to; and by this prompt assistance the crews are frequently preserved, and sometimes even the vessels; for machines, of different kinds, are always in readiness, to heave ships out of their perilous situations. All the schemes of the worthy trustee have a humane and useful tendency; and the bequest of Lord Crewe continues to be applied in the most benevolent and judicious manner. The greatest attention is paid to the diffusion of knowledge and happiness amongst the labouring poor: an unlimited number of scholars of both sexes are taught gratis, according to Dr. Bell's plan of education. There are twenty poor girls, called boarders, taken in at nine years of age, and supported at the expense of the trust, with meat, drink,

washing and lodging, and a uniform of clothing, till they are sixteen: during the period of their being at the castle, they are taught reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic; knitting, needle-work, spinning flax and wool. They are trained up in habits of industry, to make them useful servants: at the same time strict attention is paid to instil into their minds, the true knowledge and fear of God, and all the duties of Christianity. When they are thus nurtured and sent out to service, they are fully equipped with suitable clothing, and a supply of money to serve till wages are due: and at the end of the first year's service, if they obtain a good character from those they serve, they receive a handsome donation of books, and a guinea, as a reward for well-doing, and dutiful conduct.

There is a meal-market and grocer's shop for the use and benefit of the poor and la-

bouring part of mankind, which are open every Tuesday and Friday to those, who, after examination, are deemed objects of charity, and have obtained a ticket of admission, which is regulated according to the number of each family, and granted at the beginning of each year. The meal is sold at a reduced price, and the groceries at prime cost. And as the extension of the charity is not precluded by any fixed distance of place, the annual average number of persons upon the list, as partakers of these charities, is about thirteen hundred; but in years of particular scarcity, the number is much increased.

There is also an infirmary here at the expense of the trust, where a surgeon attends every Wednesday and Saturday, giving advice and medicines to the poor. Many thousands of indigent, diseased objects, have been relieved.

A considerable distribution of beef is also

made to the poor every Christmas: thus this place, formerly famed for deeds of valour and bloodshed, is now only famed as the abode of the merciful Samaritan, who pours in oil and wine to the wounds of the sea-faring, toil-worn mariner, and the guides of youth, and providers for the sick and needy.

May all who come to see this heavenly spot feel their hearts expand, touched with compassion for the woes and wants of their fellow-creatures; *and go, and do likewise.*

Sir Robert de Grey always felt the glow of philanthropy when he got into such scenes as this: but he had nothing to learn in such extensive works of charity: what was done here, except for the relief of those *who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters,* he did at Hulne Abbey; and his charities were dispensed in his life-time. He did not wait till death had cut short his days, and inca-

pacitated him from using his wealth, before he distributed to the wants and woes of others. And he was training up his child in the way she should go, that, after his death, she might distribute alms from his example: and he had every reason to hope he had not laboured in vain; but that when he was at peace with his ancestors his spirit would live in his child, and the poor not feel his loss.

Sir Robert de Grey, Jemima, and Isabella Neville, set forwards for Dunstanbrough Castle: but travellers are liable to accidents, and this is a country, where vapours frequently envelop the hills the whole day, and bring on a darkness truly to be felt; and in some parts there is neither house, inhabitant, or passenger, for miles, to direct the way-worn traveller. Sir Robert knowing there was a tolerable village-inn near, when the misty vapour drew a sable curtain round them, ordered the coach-

man to stop there; and our travellers felt thankful when the carriage stopped at the door of an inn. The court-yard was crowded with waggons and carriages; and the lights in the stable shewed there was several guests in the house; but of what quality and denomination could not be divined.

When they alighted the ostler looked in some confusion, but the reason was not divulged; and our travellers were unwilling to imagine any thing to their disadvantage, whilst the rain, and the mist, and the darkness made travelling so weary a pilgrimage. The jolly hostess came to the door, and welcomed the party, desiring them to walk in: they were conducted to the kitchen, and requested to wait there, till lights could be brought, and a room was prepared. There was now leisure to survey the scene; the kitchen smelt rank of cooking, for there was as much as if a whole hecatomb was preparing: the room was populous;

for the mistress, and two jolly nymphs her daughters, were busied in the cooking, whilst there went backward and forward, in and out, ostiers, livery servants, carriers, and savages of various denominations, in the utmost confusion; carrying, seeking, fetching, or calling for innumerable matters, like the confusion of Babel, in the greatest agitation and emergency. When the party had leisure to think, they were at a loss to imagine what had occasioned this hurricane in which they had so awkwardly involved themselves, in this small house, where it seemed mad to go, and death to stay. But outward objects embarrassed all thought to that degree, that their minds remained overwhelmed, with what the eye communicated, or what distracted the ear: and like people that were fascinated, they made no attempt to effect their escape.

The table was covered with mangled joints of meat: above stairs, below stairs,

to the right hand, to the left, was the noise of tumultuous companies; creating that discordance of sounds which distracts an inn at a fair. Hallooing, laughing, ringing of bells, beating on tables; menaces, oaths, female titterations, and music, were in the medley of this chaos of sound. And, in truth, it may be said, chaos is come again, said Sir Robert; and rousing from the overwhelming stupor of this scene, he desired to have no delay in shewing the party into a room. He was told the room was clearing, the company were going to bed. Roused effectually from the trance this extraordinary scene had thrown him into; and reflecting, if there was no sitting room, till a party went to bed, it might be there would be no bed rooms, till the company were risen. So in defiance of the weather, in an evening, dark as Erebus, with a howling wind, and the rain descending in torrents; Sir Robert preferred the conflict

of the elements to this Babel of Yahoos. He ordered out the carriage: the moons were lighted, the ladies handed in, and the four long-tailed blacks so well applied their feet to the ground, that in an hour's time they were safely set down at the excellent inn at Belford; where a large, comfortable room, with a blazing fire, and the assurance of beds, fit for the first duke in the land, dispelled the chagrin, their former inn had occasioned. The party drew round the fire, were refreshed with a comfortable dish of tea, and felt how acceptable is the warm welcome of an inn. These are miseries, said Sir Robert, travellers must put up with; we are happily out of this scrape: to-morrow the ruins of Dunstanbrough will repay our chagrin.

As the social party sat round the fire in the evening, Sir Robert de Grey said, "I must not quit this part of the country without remarking that advancing towards the

borders, the hills are clothed with a singular verdure, affording fine sheep-walks, and the flocks and herds are numerous; whilst the cottages of the lower class are deplorable; composed of upright timbers fixed in the ground, the interstices wattled, and plastered with mud; some with thatched roofs, others covered with turf: one little piece of glass to admit the beams of day, and a hearth-stone on the ground for the peat and turf fire. Within is exhibited a scene to touch the feelings of the heart; description sickens at the scene, and a tear of pity blots out the words which strive to depict. Oh! that some of the discontented sons of luxury and ease, palled with satiety, and gorging with excess! despising their palaces; would they change the scene for a short time; yet long enough to gain a conviction, that the cottager and the grandee are of the same immortal race of beings. The damp earth, the naked rafters, the

breeze-disturbed embers, and clouds of smoke that issue from the hearth, moved by contending blasts, breaking through a thousand crannies: the mid-day gloom, where awful darkness makes the noon-day night; and the dim windows shed a solemn light; the wretched pallet, the wooden utensils, that scarce deserve the name of convenience; the domestic beast that stalls with its master; the disconsolate poultry, that mourn on the rafters:—all these form a group of objects for a great man's contemplation and commiseration.

"If one, unmoved, such mournful scenes can see,
"Thanks to this aching heart, it is not me."

"I have," continued Sir Robert, "the heart-felt satisfaction of contrasting how differently the poor live on my estate: their cottages are fit abodes for human beings; alike the heirs of immortality as myself. Neatness, comfort, and content, dwell in their habitations. I dread not the sight of

a Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, whilst I am tormented in hell; and to be told, "Remember thou in thy life-time receivedst good things, likewise Lazarus evil things: now he is comforted, and thou art tormented."

The inhabitants of these wretched cottages are of abject countenance, and miserably clothed, bespeaking the lowest poverty. The employment of the men is in the fields; most of them are shepherds or herdsmen. The corn land, which is in small patches compared to the grazing land, lays mingled with the other over the open space of the vales without any fences, to protect which many an indolent herdsman stands for hours wrapped up in his plaid, hanging over a staff, half animated, or else laying prostrate on the ground. During the time he is engaged in this duty, had he a spade put into his hand, and was broke into the habits of industry, he might be most usefully employed. He could fence

the ground which he tends in the time he spends in guarding it. But evil customs, when they accord with habitual indolence, are as hard to be eradicated, as a mountain is to be moved; a long series of application and labour, and the redoubled effects of example and experience must accomplish it.

From the openness of the country the traveller is frequently perplexed with cross-roads, where not a guide-post has been known since the creation. "There I feel not conscience-striken," said Sir Robert, "to have the cross-roads well kept up, and guide-posts wherever necessary, is an attention I never omit in the sphere of my influence. To remedy the evil of want of guide-posts just mentioned, intelligence must be gained from one of these herdsmen, and there is a ferocity and uncultivated sullenness of mind in these two-legged animals, which scarce confesses civilization enough to direct a stranger on his way. When you can

obtain information, it is in such a manner as he would chase a beast from trespass. It is striking to contrast the countenances of this lower class of English in the Northern counties, with that of the Scotch. Though you perceive the most abject poverty in the lowest class of the Scotch people; yet amid these weeds of distress, there is a singular openness and benevolence of countenance. By the prejudiced it will be said, this arises from servility, and it is no other than feigned looks of submission. Arise from what it will, such countenance carries more of the character of humanity than the proud sternness and brutal insolence which marks those who boast a savage liberty. But it is to be observed, that servility stamps the countenance with abject timidity, which is not written on the Scotch features—a generous nature, and the liberality of a mind enlarged with education, are rather the authors of such openness and benevolence of

countenance. Almost every Scotch village is blessed with a free school.

You will find shepherds on the Scotch mountains familiar with the Poets and Historians of Greece and Rome. Such familiarity introduces an adoption of principles and sentiments; and from thence we see in these poor people, the maxims of mind which graced the illustrious names of old. Can we wonder then at the disparity there appears in the lower class of the two nations? But there is another source from which a part of this complacency and hospitality of the lower Scotch may be deduced. They are strict in their religious principles; they are punctual attendants on public worship; they hold with great sacredness their observance of the Sabbath day. Most of their Pastors are not only rigid in their example, but arduous in their duty; amongst the Scotch there is a just sense conceived of man's duty to his God.

The reverse is so conspicuous in the English, the comparison is scarce required. So far from perceiving a religious principle in the lower class, some of them have not even been informed of their Redeemer—thousands have never entered a place of worship—the Sabbath is distinguished only as a day of idleness, in which gaming and drinking are pursued. Many of the teachers of the Gospel, with an indolence and aversion appearing in their demeanour, perform as a stale and stupid task the offices of the church. Men are influenced by example—evil example contaminates most when the minds are most illiterate—weak men take many of their vices by adoption. If it were not for our Sectaries, our itinerant Preachers, the name of God would not be promulgated to one-tenth part of England's inhabitants. It is true they teach his laws, as the laws of the God of terrors—it is better they should administer to him with

the horrors of Hell than have no ministry.*

Sir Robert de Grey, Jemima, and Miss Neville, proceeded next morning on their tour, and reached Dunstanbrough Castle. The ruins of this strong and noble building, stands on an eminence above the sea. Nothing now remains but the outworks on the west and south sides, which with stupendous cliffs to the sea, enclose a plain nearly square, consisting of above nine acres. The rocks to the north are perpendicular, about thirty feet in height, black and horrible in aspect—the shore rugged, covered with broken rocks woven over with seaweed. From the edge of the sea cliffs, the northern wall runs along the brink of an

* This is chiefly applicable to the Northern counties. The inhabitants of Mines boast of little civilization ; and too large a tract remains without churches. This is attended to now in Gloucestershire and Lincolnshire ; somewhat is applicable throughout England.—[Written in 1815.]

elevated rock ; a square tower rises near the centre of this wall, of a considerable height, placed on a projecting point of the cliff, so as to afford the armed men within, the means of flanking the wall with their missile weapons. This seems to be the most modern part of the Castle. Where the land rises to the summit of the rock on the south-west point, the wall turns and makes a long straight point to the south; the ground before it is level, and appears to have been assisted by art to form a more commodious parade for the garrison. In this part there is a gate-way, built in a very remarkable style, being the great entrance to the Castle. It is formed by a circular arch, with a portico and interior gate; is defended by two heavy semicircular towers, uniting with the superstructure of the gate-way. These towers after rising about twenty feet, and containing two tiers of apartments, support turrets of a square form

now so very rugged and ruinous as not to allow a conjecture what was their original height. This wall extends to the cliffs on the sea banks, is guarded by two square bastions and a small sally-port, and is terminated by a square tower with a gateway. On the brink of the cliff to the sea appears the remains of a strong wall—indeed it is probable the whole area was so enclosed. The heavy seas which break upon the rocks on the north-west point have torn them much; and it appears as if the area had been originally of greater extent than at present; many separate columns of rock standing near the cliffs, which some ages ago may have been joined to the main land. Near to the eastern tower are the remains of a chapel, which will be best described in the plaintive language of Ossian: "Its walls are desolate—the grey moss whitens the stone—the fox looks out from

the window, and the rank grass waves around its head."

Immediately below this tower is a passage of perpendicular sides formed in the rocks, about sixty yards in length and forty in depth, where the sea makes a dreadful irruption: breaking and foaming with a tremendous noise; the spray is driven within the Castle walls. This place is called by the country people the Rumble Churn. This gulf, viewed from the walls of the tower, has a very grand and awful appearance—you look immediately down upon the abyss, where as the tide rushes up, the waters are lifted many feet above the common level, rising towards the walls of the tower as if they would surmount the cliffs and deluge the plain. The breaking of the waves in foam over the extreme point of the rocks; the heavy spray; the noise of the troubled waters, and the groans which echo returns

through the desolated towers, is noble though tremendous.

This was a scene to interest the feelings of Isabella Neville—alas! her sorrowful heart seemed to re-echo the groans of the troubled waves. Here she would stand with delight—she could truly say, "what's thy troubled motion to that within my breast?" Yet no one could suppose her the prey of heart-consuming grief—she never gave way to listlessness or despondency—she was cheerful in society—she employed herself in taking views of the sweet scenes they were amongst; and no stranger but would suppose her free from care, a happy mortal. How little is often known of the inmost recesses of a heart!—She anticipated much sympathetic feeling in the hermitage of Warkworth. She thought to pass the remainder of her days in that sweet scene, and freely to indulge her sorrows, was all the happiness she could enjoy on this

side of Heaven. She had the advantage of the hermit, for her sorrow was *unmixed* with *guilt*.

They now bade adieu to Dunstanbrough and its rocky shore, and were not long in reaching the pretty town of Warkworth. The celebrated castle which has so long survived the vicissitudes of revolving ages, is even, although in ruins, a fine monument of ancient grandeur. It is very boldly situated on an eminence, and overlooks the river Coquet, which after almost surrounding it at the distance of about a mile, empties itself into the sea. The rock on which this proud fortress is seated, is of an oblong figure. The keep stands on the north side, and is elevated on an artificial mount, several feet higher than the other ports. Its form is a square with the angles cut off. Near the middle of each side of the square there is a turret projecting at right angles,

its end terminating in a semi-hexagon. These projections are the same height as the rest of the keep, from the centre of which a lofty exploratory tower arises. The whole building is large, and contains a variety of apartments. The entrance is by a flight of steps to a door in the south-west turret. Within this door, on the ground-floor, there are eight apartments arched with stone, which seems to have been a place of refuge for cattle; as such places are usually found in the old castles in this county. In one of these rooms is a perpendicular hole, which leads to a dungeon, several feet below the surface of the ground. This horrid abode is about fifteen feet square, and is flagged with stone. It was the place of confinement for prisoners, from which it was impossible to escape. Those who were doomed to this wretched confinement were let down and drawn up with cords. Each of these rooms is lighted with

a small islet hole, through which an enemy on the outside may be assailed with arrows. There are also many holes of the same kind all round the other parts of the building, which seem intended for the same purpose. From those apartments there is one large, and two small staircases that lead to the second story. On the top of the large staircase is a vestibule for the attendants in waiting, round which stone seats are fixed. From this is the entrance to the great Baronial hall. This room is thirty-nine feet long, twenty-four feet broad, and about twenty feet high. At the bottom of the room are three doors leading to the passages, which enter a smaller room that has been used as a chapel. The window that lights this room is larger and more ornamented than any other in the Castle. In the wall on each side is placed the figure of an angel supporting a shield, similar to those on the outside, but in a better state

of preservation. Adjoining to this is another state room, not quite so large as the great hall; the windows of these three rooms look to the sea. There are four other rooms of good size, one of which had been the kitchen; and there are several others very small, some of them without windows; these were probably intended for hiding-places, and to conceal plunder. Over all these apartments, except the great hall, have been rooms of a similar size. None of these rooms have ever been plastered, or ornamented in any way—they were probably hung with tapestry. The work of this part of the Castle is in such excellent preservation, it wants little more than a roof, floors, and glass in the windows, to restore it to its ancient state.

Nothing can be more magnificent and picturesque than this ancient Castle in every point of view; and when entire, it was far from being destitute of strength; yet its

appearance does not excite those ideas of a rugged fortress destined solely for war; whose gloomy towers suggest to the imagination, only dungeons, chains, and executions, but rather of an ancient hospitable mansion—

"Where throngs of knights, and barons bold,
"In weeds of peace, high triumph hold."

The view from this Castle is so extensive and various, that it is difficult to convey adequate ideas of all its charms: to the north-east there is a fine sea prospect, which takes in all the extent of coast from Holy Island, with Bambrough and Dunstanbrough Castles, at the most distant point of land. The Farn Islands lie scattered like patches on the face of the ocean. The port of Alemouth is a near object; and at a little distance is the mouth of the river Coquet and Coquet Island, with its ruined monastery. To the north is a richly cultivated country, stretching towards Alnwick—west-

ward the banks of the river Coquet, graced with woodlands, which here and there impend on its winding channel. To the south is an extensive plain inclining towards the sea, crowded with villages and interspersed with woods; the shore indented by many little ports and creeks. The higher grounds are scattered over with innumerable hamlets, churches, and other buildings, mingled in pleasing variety; whilst on the extreme distance the different tints of the landscape, arising from various objects, require colours to convey their picture to the mind.

The river Coquet divides the parish of Warkworth into two unequal parts. After it enters the parish it winds beautifully through a charming country, having its banks adorned with fine woods, until it reaches the base of the Castle: there it takes a sudden turn to the north, and encircles the town of Warkworth, forming a fine peninsula. After winding round to the

east side of the Castle, it then runs in a straight line to the sea.

A little lonely hermitage there stood,
 Down in a dale, hard by a river's side,
Beneath a mossy cliff, o'erhung with wood;
 And in the living rock, there close beside,
 A holy chapel entering we descried:
Wherein the hermit duly wont to say
 His lonely prayers, each morn and even tide,
Thereby the crystal stream did gently play,
 Which through the woody vale, came rolling down alway.

The hermitage is situated on the north bank of the Coquet, about half a mile west of the Castle—those who visit it must cross the river in a boat. The approach is kept in neat order, and still retains its original form. A narrow walk, on the edge of the river, leads to the door of the hermitage; lofty perpendicular rocks on the other side, confining the walk to the width of four feet. From the summit of the cliffs a grove of oaks wave their majestic boughs,

and cast a solemn shade—at their feet rises a spring of the purest water, which formed the cellar of the recluse. The steps, vestibule, and chief apartments of the hermitage, are hewn out of the bosom of a freestone rock, whose outside face is about twenty feet high, embowered with stately trees, which impend from the top of the precipice and fissures of the cliffs. One tower and outward apartment is of masonry—the entrance into it is by a passage, the door-way of which is marked by iron bolts and hinges. It is built up against the side of the rock, about eighteen feet square, and appears to have been the kitchen or principal dwelling, having a fire-place six feet wide. On the south side of the apartment opposite the entrance, is a door-way leading to an outward seat formed in the rock; and opening upon the walk on the river's brink. On this side of the room are two windows, which bear the marks of iron grating, and also a

closet. By holes cut in the rock it seems as if timbers had been lodged therein for the flooring of an upper apartment.

Passing by this outward building from the entrance, the ascent is by seventeen steps to a little vestibule, with a seat on each side capable of holding one person only. Above the inner door-way some letters appear, the remains of a sentence which may be thus rendered in English;— "My tears have been my meat day and night." From thence is the entrance to the principal apartment, or chapel, about eighteen feet in length, and not more than seven and a half wide, and of the same height. At the east end is an altar, formed across the whole apartment, ascended by two steps. In the centre of the wall behind is a niche for a crucifix, and the remains of a glory. On the right hand, near the altar, is a cavity cut out of the thickness of the wall, within which is a monu-

ment with a recumbent female figure; the hands and arms of which appear to have been elevated. Light is admitted by two small windows behind. On the pillar which divides the window are the remains of some sculpture supposed to be of a hovering cherub. At the feet of the recumbent effigies is a basin cut for holy water; and the feet of the figures rest against an animal (probably a dog, as an emblem of fidelity.) Under the head of the effigies a double cushion is the support. By length of time, and the weather beating through the windows, the figures are greatly injured. In a niche at the foot of the monument, and cut in the wall, is the figure of a hermit, on his knees, resting his head on his right hand, and his left hand placed on his bosom, as in a lamenting or pensive posture. The west end of the chapel is lighted by a window formed of four conjoining circles. Above the inner door of the vestibule is a shield

bearing the remains of some arms: by some supposed the figure of a gauntlet; but as it is generally believed one of the Bertrams formed this hermitage, so it is probable this shield bore the Bertram arms. On the left hand of the altar a window is formed in the partition of the apartment, divided by two mullions; the summit of each light ornamented with work formed of sections of circles, like those seen in cathedrals of the tenth century. From the chapel is an entrance to an inner apartment, by a neat door-case, over which is sculptured a shield, with the crucifixion, and several instruments of torture. At the east end of this inner apartment is an altar like that in the chapel, lighted by the last described window; and through which the person kneeling at the inner altar could view the cenotaph in the chapel; this apartment is about five feet wide, and nine paces in length: here is also a basin for holy water.

On the northern side of this inner chamber a recess is cut in the rock of size sufficient to hold the couch of a person of middle stature. It is alcoved above, and a sole, about two feet above the level of the floor, to hold a mattress and the bedding of the recluse. This recess is so placed that, by a niche cut slantwise in the partition-wall which separates the two apartments, there is a view of the cenotaph, and effigies thereon. The niche seems calculated for this very purpose, being cut through the wall aslant, it could not nave been intended to convey light. Some imagine it was designed for confession; but it is most probable, the hermit was priest, and penitent in one; and that he devised the aperture to have the effigies constantly in his sight. In this inner apartment is a small closet cut in the side-wall to the north: from this interior chamber is a door-way leading to an open gallery, having a prospect up the

river; but by a falling of some of the rock above, this part is greatly damaged. It is said by old people that the roof was supported by a fine pillar, and formed a small piazza or façade; such façades are seen in very ancient mansions in the centre of the front. From these cells, through a neat door-way, there are winding stairs cut in the rock, leading to its summit, supposed to conduct to the hermit's garden. A channel is ingeniously formed on the steps to carry off the water.

It seems evident the original hermitage consisted of no more than the apartments hewn in the rock; the inner one being the dwelling-place, and the little cloister the summer seat, facing westward, and commanding a beautiful view of the river Coquet, which here forms a fine curve, in extent near half a mile; on this side bordered by rocks, on the other by cultivated lands, in pleasing inequalities; on the ex-

tremity stands a farmhold to terminate this sequestered, rural prospect.

It is the universal tradition, that the first hermit was one of the Bertram family, and imposed this penance on himself to expiate the murder of his brother.

This holy retreat is so exactly and beautifully described in the sweetly pathetic and interesting tale of the Hermit of Warkworth, I will add that to the foregoing description :—

And now attended by their host,
The hermitage they view'd;
Deep hewn within a craggy cliff,
And overhung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill;
And piercing through a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There, deck'd with many a flower and herb,
His little garden stands;
With fruitful trees, in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then scoop'd within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shews;
The chief a chapel neatly arch'd,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there
That should a chapel grace:
The lattice for confession framed,
And holy water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear:
And in a little 'scutcheon hang
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend:
And near a glimm'ring solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb,
All in the living stone,
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel, fairly carved,
Seem'd hov'ring o'er her breast,
A weeping warrior at her feet,
And near to these her crest.

This was a scene highly to interest the

feelings of Isabella Neville: the figure on the top of the monument strongly arrested her attention. Isabella felt envy for those whose earthly career was over, and they were at rest; she looked on the sculptured stone; she thought within herself,—'I have not yet forgot myself to stone:' whilst lost in contemplation, other voices were heard, and other steps surveying the hermitage: Isabella turned round; one of the voices that struck her ear had already struck her heart; she turned pale and trembled; it was Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer de Montalt: Isabella had not seen them since the day of their marriage: her frame had sustained a severe shock in that period; but mind with her rose superior to earthly imbecility; with a presence of mind, and cheerful air, that surprised all who saw her. She went up to Mortimer de Montalt and his wife, and welcomed them as old friends. They continued together till they had finished the

survey of the hermitage, and then returned to the inn together. Then Sir Robert de Grey took leave of the unexpected addition to the party. He thought the martyrdom of Isabella had lasted long enough; and there was no occasion to suffer unmeaning civility to prolong her torment. She retired to her room, and gave way to the weakness of human nature, in indulging the relief of a flood of tears for a time; though she could not always conquer the weakness of human nature, she did not long give way to it; mind soon triumphed over body with her; she resumed her fortitude, and returned to the happy father and daughter; without clouding their tranquil enjoyments with her unavailing sorrows.

They had now completed the part of their tour that comprised Northumberland, and set forward for Durham and the beautiful country that surrounds it. The town itself is bad, and may easily affright the

careless traveller from searching out the romantic beauties of its neighbourhood. But Sir Robert de Grey was not one to be satisfied with the exclamations of the indolent and the tasteless, "there is nothing worth seeing;" or if he got to a bad inn and had a bad dinner placed before him, he thought there could be nothing in such a vicinity to see, and would fly from the place with as much speed as if it was a prey to the plague, and he was travelling to save his life. Nature has been bountiful to the country around Durham; art and civilization have been niggardly; great riches are derived from it, but they are taken by the possessors and spent at a distance. The town is small, and ill-built; the stranger in vain looks around for wide streets, good houses, and good shops. The cathedral is noble, and stands on a lofty eminence, nearly surrounded by the romantic and rocky-bedded Wear. Those who have

seen Durham Cathedral need not go to Jerusalem, as the lofty Abbey stands like the far-famed Temple of Sion. Think you that such an object was not of great interest to the inhabitants of Hulne Abbey, who have Mount Carmel before their eyes at home? Our travellers saw with delight the spacious dome: they had only to regret that the Father of All is not more worshipped in that temple by those who derive such vast revenues from it. Sir Robert observed to his two companions as they walked about the lofty choir, that religion consists in that devout fervour of mind which gives its ideas to the Divinity; full of gratitude for His benevolence and long suffering, full of admiration of that majesty and mightiness which are displayed throughout his works, and from a true consciousness of man's demerits, and the imperfection of his judgment; full of patience, humility, and resignation. When a man who is pos-

sessed of such a disposition of mind puts up a prayer, it is only for mercy and protection. In whatever class of religious men we find these premised principles best preserved, we may determine with justice that there the true devotee is distinguished. Charity is as unbounded as the regions of Heaven, and beset with as many gems as the Galaxy. The canting hypocrite, who goes about denouncing wretchedness, and breathing anathemas on mankind, is to be treated with pity and a strait waistcoat.

Religion is replete with pleasures, and not burthened with terrors: she breathes forth the most placid hope, and hope is accompanied with inexhaustible images of joy. Religion is in the manners.

The palace is a noble building standing on a rock overlooking the river Wear, and its beautiful woody banks; but alas! for nearly the whole year it stands empty.

The banks of the rocky-bedded Wear

are beautiful throughout its circuit; in no part are its charms more piquant, for the admirers of the sequestered beauties of nature, than where it murmurs past the ruins of Finchale Abbey. The ruins of this Abbey are more perfect, and the scenery more beautiful than that of the far-famed Tintern Abbey. The Wye and the Wear are totally different, the Wear is not navigable, but its abrupt rocks, rising in fantastic shapes, richly clothed with wood, are far more beautiful: it appears wholly shut out from the world. An Eloise might say here,—

"Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A deathlike silence and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror o'er the woods."

But a Jemima de Grey was delighted with the scene, she had no guilty recollections to make solitude insufferable to her;

serenity of mind and an unclouded conscience made the silent beauties of nature delightful to her. She crossed the river to survey the sweetly sequestered scenes on both sides. She was up and down the rocks, and rambling in ecstasy so long, Sir Robert feared she would exert herself too much, and recalled her from her rambles to return to the carriage, telling her he had collected some information of a former inhabitant there, she should amuse herself with in her way home. Jemima was anxious to know what enviable happy being had lived in that sweet spot; but happy, the mortal who lived there, was not. Instead of serving his Maker by acts of kindness to his fellow-creatures, he practised the absurdest of austerities. St. Godric was the name of this eccentric mortal. He was born at Walpole, in Norfolk, and went twice upon a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He afterwards retired to Finchale Abbey, where he

erected a chapel and hermitage, in which he resided sixty-six years, and practised unheard-of austerities. He wore an iron shirt next his skin day and night, and he wore out three. He mingled ashes with his bread, and lest it should then be too luxuriant he kept it three or four months before he ventured to eat it. In winter, as well as summer, he passed whole nights up to his chin in water, at his devotions. Like St. Anthony he was often haunted by fiends in various shapes; sometimes in the form of beautiful damsels, and so was visited by evil concupiscence, which he cured by rolling himself naked amongst thorns and briers. His body grew ulcerated, and to increase his pains, he poured salt into his wounds. By these uncommon austerities, and the miracles he performed, he was admitted into the calendar of Saints.

When Jemima had finished this account, she said to her father, " she thought him,

or Lord Crewe, far more deserving of admission into the calendar of Saints, than such a mad-headed enthusiast." "My dear," said Sir Robert de Grey, "I judge no man: God only sees the heart. He thought he obeyed the will of his heavenly Master in inflicting torments on himself. I think I obey the commands of my Redeemer in doing good to all men."

The party took a walk after dinner; and Sir Robert wishing to see how the peasantry lived there, they went into a cottage: the first object they saw was the mother lying on the bed; they asked her if she was ill, she said "Yes, or she should not lay down in the day-time." The next object that struck their attention was an idiot boy, about sixteen. The mother was asked if there was no asylum for such unfortunate beings. She said, "they had none to assist them: no gentleman's family lived in the parish; there was none to administer relief

to the idiot, to put her other children to school, or to apply to in case of illness." She ended with saying, "this is all church land round here, and nobody does any thing for us." What, thought Sir Robert de Grey, does the priest and the levite in all countries pass by on the other side? When Heaven has given so fair a country, and blessed man with abundance, will he turn his face from the poor man? To what purpose did Henry the Eighth destroy the monasteries, if these modern monks will do no good? Sir Robert never turned his face from any poor man; he relieved with his bounty the wants of the cottage, which was all he could do. The party now left them, and in their return home, walked through the delightful woods that adorn that side of Durham.

The next morning they rode on horseback to the romantic scenes of Butterby Manor; the rocky-bedded Wear curves

very beautifully in that spot, and the banks are richly clothed with wood. A sulphur spring,* like the Harrogate waters, is near one side of the river: and in the centre of the bed of the river, scooped out of the rock, as if by the hand of art, is a basin containing a salt spring. The water tastes stronger impregnated of salt than sea water. Isabella Neville was walking first, enraptured with the calm tranquillity of this sweet scene, when her ears were struck with a singular voice, accompanied with violent gestures and actions; on looking through the trees she beheld a melancholy care-worn figure on her knees, apparently praying with great devotion. They approached her, and she arose from her knees. "I am miserable," she said, "I have been praying: I came here to visit these two springs, and pray by them. My son in London is dying; could I but get him down here, and have him drink the sulphur water,

and bathe his limbs in the salt-water, he would be well; if he does not come here, I shall go to London if I walk all the way." Isabella asked her if she had any thing else to make her unhappy? "Yes, my husband," she said, "this is all owing to him, he does not care for his children." Poor Kate they found was crazed. She passes most of her time rambling about in the woods; sometimes loudly talking to herself, sometimes in silent dejection. She always takes some religious books with her, and sometimes reads and sometimes prays, but poor Kate is unheeded by her neighbours.

There was another extraordinary character to be found at Butterby Manor. The resident in the Manor-House is a modern St. Cuthbert; but the legends respecting him are not so voluminous as those of the ancient misogamist. What has given rise to this hatred of the fair sex, in this

modern St. Cuthbert, the learned are not agreed upon. Some say he was once upon the eve of matrimony, and the lady allowed consummation to take place too soon. This ended the gentleman's love, and began a hatred of the fair sex. He dreaded not finding his honour safe with any, and renounced all thoughts of marriage. Others say, he loved a fair one, whom he was incapable of inspiring with a return of his passion, and as he could not sing "How sweet's the love that meets return," he renounced love and the fair sex, and chews the sour grapes.

The beauty of the spot proved very attractive to our travellers, who spent much time in surveying both sides of the river, and they then went on to the still more romantic scenes of Croxdale Hall. No expense has been spared to render this place complete. Nature has done much for it, in rocks rent in various forms and shapes,

and the foaming torrent furiously boiling over the rocky precipices and chasms. Foliage springs up in every fissure of the rocks. A considerable extent of walk has been cut, with much labour in the side of a rock, impending over a precipice, with a rapid river foaming at its feet. Some of the grounds exhibit only the mild features of art; the gardens are good, and the shrubbery forms a pretty walk, near the mansion, which is an excellent modern house: beyond the house is a great extent of wood, partaking more of the wild features of nature than shewing much of the hand of Art. The situation is delightful for summer; the extent of woods, thickly shaded almost impervious to the rays of the sun, will allow of excursions in them in the hottest day in summer: and in the winter, when the huge rocky chasm is foaming with water, pouring down from the cataract, it assumes the grand features of nature.

At all seasons this place will charm those who love nature.

The owner of Hulne Abbey can envy no one, for nothing can exceed the charms of that. Sir Robert de Grey and Jemima looked with pleasure on all they saw; but happily it was unmixed with envy. They returned from their morning excursion just before dinner-time; and our travellers not being people to spend much time in eating when they were travelling; and at the end of a long journey have nothing to relate but what they eat here, and what they eat there—in this place the rump-steaks were so fine, and in the other, lobsters were but twopence a-piece. They allowed a reasonable time for dinner, and then took a walk to see Sherborn Hospital. Sir Robert liked to see charities, and how they were conducted, and he liked to habituate the mind of Jemima to such scenes; and this was a fine charity, affording an asylum for thirty

old men. The situation is airy and healthy—each one has a neat room, and in an adjoining house the victuals are cooked for them. There is also a neat chapel annexed, and a house for the master. But here too is complaining of the superior, taking his income, and living at a distance. "People are so fond of the south," is the complaint round Durham; "they get up to the south and we see nothing of them; instead of their income benefiting the market and the shops of Durham, it is spent at a distance."

The country is not to blame for this; those who derive great incomes from the Fens of the Isle of Ely, and reside there, pay the forfeit of their health—none can be blamed for flying that country. But around Durham, in all directions, the country is healthy and beautiful—what can vie with the rocky, wooded banks of the rocky-bedded winding Wear? But where the face

of Nature is most beautiful, man seems least amiable—nothing is perfect in this world, and happiness and misery, if closely inspected, appear equally distributed. Say what can engender discontent, where Nature does so much, and Plenty pours out her horn. Why should this plenty be borne off to a distance?

Sir Robert de Grey said, on quitting Sherborn Hospital: "Why is it these asylums for old age are not the abode of happiness and thankfulness? When a man has toiled through his youth, and in old age is laid up in a peaceful haven, with all his wants supplied—he seems almost in heaven; but the worm of discontent always gnaws the heart of the possessors of these dwellings—they never think they have enough—always suppose they are cheated. One great bar to their happiness I consider is, Man is here an isolated being—he has neither wife nor child to cheer his declin-

ing days—who is to rock the cradle of declining age here? I am alone—poisons all their enjoyments. Like Alexander Selkirk in Juan Fernandez, being alone, poisons all things to them. He was monarch of all he surveyed; but his crown was a crown of thorns to him, for he had none to share his pains or pleasures with him.

An alms-house for old women is not so much the abode of discontent as those for men are; woman is a more independent being, confined to a house, than man. To bestow peace and contentment on mortals is not an easy task; but to those who make a practice of visiting alms-houses, they will find the most happiness in those allotted to females—is it that they are more sensible of obligations? have a livelier feeling of gratitude? It is commonly allowed, those in the higher ranks are more prompt to relieve wants and distresses of all kinds than the male sex, that a woman has already

performed a good action while man still deliberates.

When our travellers returned to the Inn, they found Lord de Courcy arrived, who was going the same tour as themselves; and it was agreed they should join parties. They had now satisfied their curiosity in the environs of Durham, and were to proceed by the classic ground of Barnard Castle and Rokeby Park, through Yorkshire, to Matlock.

CHAPTER IV.

"Though art and elegance combine
To render sweet this pleasing shade;
Though nature does with beauty shine,
Through garden grot, through wood and glade:
Yet still no charm it brings to me,
Or can restore tranquillity."

How vain is the endeavour to fly from self! The guilty, or the wretched, let them fly which way they will, their guilt or their misery still pursues them. Isabella tried to feel an interest in all the sweet scenes she saw, to be charmed with the beauties of nature; but a void was left in her heart, a hopeless depression of mind remained that threw a gloomy shade over all she saw, to be roused to great exertions was the state for her, and great events do not arise every day

Lord de Courcy was an amiable young man, the owner of Prudhoe Castle. His father died soon after he came of age, and he came into possession of seventy thousand a year. Happily he was not a member of the four-in-hand club; no part of his income was spent in learning to make a blackguard of himself. He could not quid tobacco, nor did he ever try to learn the accomplishment; consequently his teeth were spared being filed, to make an outlet for the spittings of tobacco: and he was spared associating with the refuse of society. He was no boxer, consequently he avoided that elegant set of men. He was no gambler, therefore he neither ruined himself, or caused the ruin of others. He always rode in the inside of his carriage, and the coachman had undisturbed possession of the reins. "What a poor creature!" I hear many exclaim; "what a milksop! why, what could he do?" He was studious. He spent the greater

part of the year in the country; he looked after his estate: the steward had not the power of enriching himself, and bringing his lord to ruin. He was fond of music and a good performer; he could draw with great taste, and often took journeys to take views in different parts of the kingdom. He attended to public business in his county. "And did he not drink and swear and wench?" some will ask; "He must have been a strange being!" Such as he was, he was much respected and liked by many of his neighbours. Sir Robert de Grey he looked up to as the guide and example of his youth; and he was a frequent visitor at Hulne Abbey. Jemima de Grey he found a companion of similar taste. They practised music together; they took the same views; he accompanied them in their rides at Hulne Abbey, and he was often the partner of Jemima in the merry dance, an accomplishment in which

he much excelled. With them he learned to manage the poor on his estate, to provide for their temporal and eternal interests. The society and mode of life at the Abbey he loved, and he was a frequent and always a welcome visitor there. In common with all the world he admired Jemima de Grey, but he was not in love. He had never yet thought of a wife.

Sir Robert de Grey and his daughter were no longer at Hulne Abbey. The society there was lost to him; that created an uneasy sensation: Jemima would at Harrogate and Metlock be much in the way of the gay world; a sensation of jealousy sprung up in his mind, and after this was dwelt and pondered upon some time, and uneasiness still increasing, he resolved to follow them, and overtook the party, got no farther southwards than Durham. He was an acceptable addition to them, and

found no difficulty in gaining access, and permission to join company.

"To Raby's stately hall they bent their way," and were much charmed with the magnificence of it; but the northern star was eager to reach the classic ground of Rokeby and its environs, and Jemima bounded lightly into the carriage, when they were to set forward to Barnard Castle. Sir Robert was pleased with the animation and interest his darling took in the beauties of nature. His endeavour had been to make her happy, without perpetual visiting, and that she should not feel dependant on the world for all her enjoyments. To see her bound as lightly and joyously into the carriage that was to convey her to the ruins of Barnard Castle, as most girls do when they are going to a ball, was a heart-felt gratification to him. That she was an enthusiastic admirer of the works of the

Bard of Rokeby he saw with pleasure; it was a rule with him to leave her unconfined in the choice of books, unless it became necessary to restrict her. But when he found her rejecting Fielding, Rousseau, Sterne, and those who make the vices of mankind their panygeric; and Sir Charles Grandison, Malek Adhel, and William Wallace were her favourite heroes. He found no occasion to interfere with her choice of books, neither was it necessary to purify her choice of songs or stile of singing; she had more pleasure in singing the sweetly simple air of "Where shall the lover rest," than an Italian bravura.

Barnard Castle was now in sight, and Jemima's eyes sparkled with joy as she saw it, rising stately on the banks of Tees. It stands upon a very high bank, and its ruins overhang the river. This once magnificent fortress was founded by Barnard Baliol; the curious construction of the vaulted roof

of Baliol's tower has been a subject of much admiration. The prospect from the top of the tower is rich and magnificent, commanding the woody and extensive valley of Tees. The ground is very thickly wooded near the river. At a little distance it is more open and cultivated; but the fine hedges and old majestic trees give it all the richness of woodland scenery. The river flows in a deep bed of solid rock; the finest view of its romantic course is from a handsome bridge, erected by the father of the present possessor of Rokeby.

This ground was carefully inspected by our travellers: here was Guy Denzil beheaded, and here Oswald Wycliff received his death's wound: and here too fell Bertram de Risingham. What a trio fell here! Yet, doubtless, eulogists may be found for them: those who admire Buonaparte will, perhaps, think these did not spread wide devastation enough in the world; but I

doubt not, some *candid souls* will arise, who will say they have been much *misrepresented*; they are, in fact, amiable characters; and leaving them to those who love to white-wash the Ethiop, pass we on to the ruins of Egliston Priory, which are beautifully situated upon an angle formed by Thorsgill Dell, at its junction with the Tees. Through this ground it was impossible to pass, and not image Wilfrid and Bertram taking their course from their outset from Barnard Castle. And now comes the romantic ravine, through which the Greta forces itself between Rokeby and Mortham: it is a lovely solitude. Rokeby stands on the left bank of the Greta; Mortham on the right, half a mile nearer to its junction with the Tees. The Greta flows with great rapidity over a rocky bed, crossed with many shelving descents, down which it dashes with noise and impetuosity, in majestic fury, and may be called the Xantippe of rivers.

The banks sympathize with such clamour, for they are wild and romantic, consisting of lofty cliffs of limestone rock, which contrasts well with the various foliage of trees and shrubs, which fix their roots in the crevices of the rocks; and are adorned with a profusion of ivy clinging round them, and hanging down to the ground, in long sweeping tendrils. At intervals the rocks cease, and there are high steep banks of earth, bearing large trees, and the ground choked with underwood. In one part the dell, which in its course is narrow, widens, and is filled up with a dark grove of yew trees, spotted here and there with aged pines of majestic grandeur: opposite to this dark foliage the cliffs are high, and light coloured, and adorned with a variety of deciduous shrubs.

Those who have no taste for the wild beauties of nature, and cannot bear to be shut out from the busy haunts of men, should

not come here: the guilty see spectres; our travellers, though they came with spotless minds, certainly saw some Being wandering in these shades; dejected, with arms folded, and walking with slow, solemn pace; oftentimes turning, and looking around, and seeming as if lost in thought. Was it the shade of the gentle Wilfrid hovering near the beloved spot of Mortham? Ah, no! they reached the form of this melancholy sequestered figure, who wandered sadly here, unconscious the treasure of his life was approaching; he was singing in a low, dejected voice,—

"What may for strength with steel compare?
Oh! love has fetters stronger far:
By bolts of steel, are limbs confined;
But cruel love enchains the mind.

Though torments oft perplex the breast,
When thoughts torment, the first are best:
'Tis *mad* to go, 'tis *death* to stay,
Away to Orra, haste away."

At the last line he turned round with vehe-

mence; but what language can describe the rapture that shone on the face of Lord Cardross, as his eyes rested on Jemima de Grey: never did she seem so heaven-born as at this moment: his joy was too vast for utterance; his soul seemed flying out at his eyes. "I always thought you more than mortal," said he, taking the hand of Miss de Grey; "you seem now descended from heaven."

Sir Robert de Grey, to divert the attention, and relieve the mind of Lord Cardross, admired the scenery; "Yes," said Lord Cardross, with his eyes rivetted to the face of Jemima, "truly the sweetest view in nature is here." Lord de Courcy felt moved; he asked himself the cause, and said, "Tell me, my heart, if this be love?"

What a different being now looked Lord Cardross; he had been in this beautiful, but gloomy dell, in melancholy musing on his hopeless love, and he thought her far

distant; turned shortly round, and the beloved object of all his thoughts stood before him. Joy now filled his soul, and brightened in his eyes; he gained permission to lead Jemima through the tangled path, and would not have exchanged his situation with any human being. He said to his fair companion, "We can find no simile for ourselves in Rokeby. Bertram went towards Mortham to look for a treasure: I find mine here: I can, like Wilfrid, conduct you to Mortham; there you will not find a Redmond; 'I think, lady fair,' said he,. 'your Redmond is now behind you,' casting his eyes on Lord de Courcy, who certainly did not seem equally happy, escorting Isabella.

Mortham Castle stands a short space from Greta Bridge, and the same space from the Tees: it is a picturesque tower, now in the vicissitudes of time, converted into a farm-house; the residence of dirt,

and divested of all remains of taste. The battlements of the tower are singularly elegant: the situation of Mortham is commanding and beautiful; it stands on a high bank, at the bottom of which the Greta winds out of the dark, narrow, and romantic dell, just passed, and flows onward through a more open valley to meet the Tees. All around is lovely, but never had any view shone so fair in the eyes of Lord Cardross. He might have said, "Is it the sun that glads my sight, or is't my love I see?" The sun had never shone so fair on a view before, or the air been so pure and refreshing. What a renovated being was he! Sir Robert de Grey's benevolent heart was pleased to see him so happy; yet he feared he would pay dear for his happiness; he did not think his daughter would ever marry him; and Lord Cardross had the resolution to avoid her in hopeless dejection; but now she had burst unexpectedly on his

sight, and his prudence was forgotten. Sir Robert wished he and Isabella would form an attachment to each other; both were amiable; both were enthusiastic. He thought could Lord Cardross fancy Isabella was a Jemima de Grey, and she fancy him a Mortimer de Montalt; instead of wasting their life in hopeless misery singly, they might make a happy couple. He determined to invite Lord Cardross to join the party, and most joyfully did he accede to the proposition.

The next morning the party resumed their journey, and proceeded directly to Matlock, where they arrived on the third day. For the last half mile Jemima de Grey was in raptures; when they reached the high Tor, and the romantic rocky Derwent washing its base, murmuring over the shelving rocks, those must be heartless and tasteless who are not charmed. The party were well assorted—all had taste and loved

the beauties of Nature; and had not undertaken the tour merely to have prodigies of eating and drinking to relate on their return home: or to have to say they had travelled so many hundred miles, and could give no account of the country they traversed. When the carriages stopt at the Old Bath hotel; Jemima's raptures were renewed—the high towering rocks thickly clothed with wood, and the beautiful river winding at their feet, might charm the most heartless.

Jemima said she had never seen Hulne Abbey so nearly rivalled before. The gentlemen smiled at her raptures, and Isabella seemed almost to partake of them. But there was no leisure now for excursions, the dinner hour was near approaching, and it was time to make ready for that important part of the day. Two coronet carriages, and a third with a bloody hand, of course raised great expectations amongst the company in

the house; and all eyes were turned when the party entered the drawing-room. The lovely Jemima and her dignified father; Isabella, a genteel shewy figure, though not of first-rate beauty; Lord de Courcy, young, handsome, rich and of rank; and Lord Cardross, though not with so much outward recommendation, yet he had rank and riches, with the exterior of a gentleman, and very impressive interesting manners. All eyes were busy surveying the party—some of the hearts palpitated with hope, they might captivate some of the Peers; and an excursion to survey fashions was determined on for the following morning. They were resolved the effect of some new millinery should be tried on the hearts of the Peers. It excited surprise Jemima's dress was not more superb, as she was an only child and had two Peers in her train. She was simply clad in white muslin, but it was handsomely enriched with

lace. Sir Robert de Grey liked his daughter should be handsomely dressed, but he did not wish her to be gaudy.

Dr. Stukeley came up to Sir Robert, and claimed acquaintance with him; having dined some years before in his company, at his relation's Lord Welford. Sir Robert acknowledged the recollection of him, and introduced his daughter to him; this highly pleased the Doctor: he loved rank and he admired beauty: and to be received into that party he thought a great compliment. This encouraged Mr. Hatton to advance, who had dined in Sir Robert's company with his relation Lord Nottingham—he also was not forgotten by Sir Robert, and he had the envied lot of being introduced to the northern star.

Jemima was so anxious to survey the beauties of Matlock, that the party went upon the water after tea. The evening was fine, and the glowing sun set in splen-

did majesty; the moon was also at the full, and rose in resplendent beauty. What two adventitious objects to add to the natural beauties of the scene! a glowing sunset, superior to the fervid imagination of Claude Lorraine, and the moon in her fullest lustre. "Surely," said Lord Cardross, "creation has nothing superior to this; every charm in nature seems now assembled here." He looked at the heavens, at the rocky-bedded Derwent, at the lofty rocks, rich with foliage; and could he forbear a look to the object of his idolatry? What an expression arose in his countenance! Isabella seemed to grow animated amongst this assemblage of happy beings. Jemima, without a care on her mind, enjoying with enthusiasm the romantic beauties of nature; her father feeling all the blessings of a dutiful affectionate child, who was all his fond heart wished. Lord de Courcy, with nothing to cloud his days

but an occasional uneasy sensation at the devout attention of Lord Cardross to Miss de Grey; but that he prevented as much as possible by his assiduities, and not giving another an opportunity of paying her attention. Lord Cardross might be now said to be happy, though he had no hopes of obtaining the fair hand of Jemima; he enjoyed her society, and he banished care; Isabella was sensible, well educated, and enthusiastic; she had been a severe sufferer from the loss of a lover, whom she had generously relinquished; these were features of character to interest Lord Cardross, and she generally fell to his lot in the parties to take care of; for Lord de Courcy seemed to claim a right to take care of the northern star. Isabella felt an interest in Lord Cardross; she saw how fondly he loved her friend, and how hopelessly; and that he magnanimously strove to conquer his love. She thought how happy she should feel,

could she alleviate his pangs of hopeless love. This caused her to exert herself to be cheerful with him, and seem pleased with his attentions; and he felt a pleasure in supposing he soothed her pangs of disappointment. With such attentions of kind-hearted feeling, they became an object of interest to each other; and Sir Robert saw this rising sympathy with pleasure; for he hoped it might ultimately lead to the happiness of both.

The next morning this happy party set out for Dovedale; which is a place no lady should go to without a gentleman who will pay her great attention; the walking is slippery, the climbing dangerous. When they reached the spot from whence the foolish and unfeeling fell, by overloading a horse, going up one of the steepest parts; the principal in which, (to his shame be it spoken) was a dignitary in the church, and expiated his folly with his life, being killed

upon the spot; the lady escaped with her life, being caught by her hair upon a bush, and it is to be hoped has learned wisdom and humanity; the horse, who was the innocent one of the party, escaped with his life, and rolled nearly unhurt into the Dove, which is incapable of drowning man or beast, Lord Cardross said, "Had these fools and mad-headed been lovers, the lady must have gone mad, and fixed her abode in Dovedale, making Reynards-Hall her home, and climbed the rocks, and torn her locks, giving the fragments to the passing winds, and wailing out her days in anguish and despair." There is a lover's leap in Dovedale, but no tradition of any one having ever taken it.

Lord de Courcy led Jemima up to Reynards-Hall and kitchen; she was then contented with climbing, and would have returned, but her conductor was more ambitious, and led her to the top of the heights above; the rest followed and seated them-

selves on the top of the rock. The ladies felt some fear at the thoughts of returning down this steep, but their conductors promised to lead them safe to the bottom of the dale, and kept their word. Lord de Courcy led the way, and when his trembling companion was slipping, he placed his foot firmly against her, and at length they reached the beaten path again in safety, but not without encountering some perils by the way. There is much of the awful and grand in nature here: there are some fine situations for views; the natural arch in a rock one of the finest, and the view of the lions' dens at the farthest end. It is a great fatigue to walk through Dovedale and back again, but it is the completest way of seeing it, and ladies should never omit to take a change of clothes to Dove dale: shoes, stockings, and petticoats are sure to be dirted, and there is no house to obtain a dressing-room in, before the

return to Ashbourne. But a carriage with the blinds drawn up will suffice for a dressing-room to those who are adroit, and unless the weather is unusually dry, it will be a great addition of comfort to a party to Dovedale.

The party now resumed their carriages, and returned to Ashbourne, where the Church is well worth seeing, if the travellers are not too much fatigued with the climbing of Dovedale, which is pretty good exertion, even for the young and active; but the church they saw, and dropped a sympathetic tear over the tomb of Sir Brook Boothby's only child, none with more feeling than Sir Robert de Grey. He could feel what his loss would have been, to have his fair blossom so early and so suddenly cut down. He almost shuddered as he read the inscription. Had Heaven inflicted such a trial on him, what would now have been his state? Left alone in the world, no prop to his declining

age, his estate to become the property of strangers; and the tenantry, for whom he had almost a paternal feeling, might lose all his kindness, and be thought of, but to oppress. He turned from these thoughts, and looked on Jemima, and never did she seem more precious in his eyes.

It should never be omitted in returning from Ashbourne, to take the Via Gellia road; it is two miles of beautiful romantic road, and those who are so fortunate, as this party was, to have a full moon, to light them through it, will have a scene impressed upon their minds, not easily obliterated. In such a night as this did Sir Robert de Grey, his daughter fair, Isabella Neville, Lords de Courcy and Cardross return with pleasure to Matlock. What a scene did the moon make visible of the fine rocks leading to Cromford Church, the well-planted grounds of Wellersley opposite: every turn of the road presents some beautiful object

to view; the river murmuring over the rocky bed presents a pleasing accompaniment of sound; those who have not seen Matlock, have no idea of the infinite variety of the charms of the place.

Next morning after breakfast the party mounted their horses, and rode through Critch Valley, and returned by the Canal: here is a scene where all is lovely; Lord Cardross was in raptures, "Sir Robert," he said, "how can I enough thank you for the pleasure I feel; I left home a wanderer, without a plan, I know not where I should have gone; you have charitably ingrafted me into the most delightful society in Christendom, and transported me to the sweetest scenes, Arcadia never could have been so charming. "It could not have been more charming," said Jemima de Grey, "neither art nor nature can devise sweeter scenes, I feel we are almost rivalled at home. Hulne Park with the opposite woods are

very fine, and Mount Carmel is very grand; but to see all that is grand and beautiful in nature, come to Matlock. At the entrance of Mr. Arkwright's grounds at Cromford, the party left their horses, and walked through the grounds of Wellersley into Love Walks, and crossed the river to regain the old Bath Hotel; and where in England can a circuit of greater beauty be found?

It is astonishing what the laborious perseverance of an enlightened individual can accomplish. The late Sir Richard Arkwright has been the cause of flourishing manufactures, extensive buildings, and increased population: and a flourishing patrimony for his family. He has left a handsome house with extensive gardens, and pleasure grounds, which are twice a week open to the inspection of the company at Matlock. Mr. Arkwright being in one of the hot-houses when the party arrived there, was so much pleased with the affability of

the gentlemen and the beauty of the ladies, he sent them a profuse and magnificent present of hot-house fruit. Hot-house fruit is in greater abundance in Derbyshire than Northumberland. Sir Robert observed to his friends, Mr. Arkwright out-did them all in hot-houses. He had rarely seen such a profusion and variety of forced fruit.

The next day was devoted to seeing Keddleston: there was a happy unanimity in this party rarely found. When a party set out upon a tour there is commonly as much variety in taste as numbers in the set. One cannot consent to see a nobleman's house, because there is nothing worth seeing in it: five-and-twenty years ago she saw it, and the chairs and carpets were literally in rags; and it is not possible they can have been renewed in that time: or supposing them still in rags, can there be fine paintings, statues, or any other recommendation in a house, where chairs and

carpets are neglected.—A second is resolute against going to a nobleman's house, because twelve years ago she did see it, and they had the gross insult put upon them, of having tough beef-steaks given them for dinner at the adjoining inn; nothing upon earth shall ever induce her to go there again. For the satisfaction of the male readers, they will find these wise objections are started by female travellers. Neither Jemima nor Isabella were old enough to have met with these miseries of days of yore; or foolish enough to have prevented others from seeing a magnificent place for such causes: all set forward for Keddleston, without a cloud of ill-humour, with the idea the carpets might be in rags, or the beaf-steaks tough.

What a coup d'œil is presented to the traveller of taste in the front of Keddleston House! the grand flight of steps; the mag-

nificent portico; the superb Egyptian Hall, supported by marble pillars; the luxuriant saloon: all was surveyed with rapture and admiration. "Can we find a rival to this in Northumberland?" said Lord Cardross. I think our friends in Derbyshire surpass us in luxury. There are many handsome rooms at Keddleston, but the flight of steps, the portico, the Egyptian Hall and Saloon, are like four superior beauties in a ball-room; others might be admired in their absence, but the superior beauties will have first attention. There are many good pictures at Keddleston, but Daniel, explaining the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, outshines them all; no other picture is ever spoken of there. "Is it to our credit," said Lord Cardross, "that our great boast in Northumberland is our *ruins?* We outshine Derbyshire in ruins, but in magnificence I must own we fall short; we are certainly

behindhand in the elegancies and luxuries of life: for them I know no country superior to Derbyshire."

Jemima was in such ecstasies Sir Robert began to fear Hulne Abbey would lose much of its charms in her eyes; he would not have liked the owner of this place, much as he admired it, to captivate his daughter, and have his own favourite residence deserted.

It was time now to quit the house, and survey the grounds: each one thought there they could produce some rival beauty in their own county: Jemima was decided the woods of Hulne Abbey were superior: Lord Cardross found superior beauties about Dryburgh Abbey; and Lord de Courcy was the knight-errant of Prudhoe Castle, that frowns from the summit of a high rock, in awful majesty, over the surrounding country. "I am," said he, "well flanked with fine woods: I must own, however, we retain

many traces of barbarism; here is only tranquil life; we see no dread of neighbours here: we were so long obliged to wage war with our neighbours, we can hardly lay aside warlike ideas, and we aim at looking *tremendous;* here we see only *luxury*.

But these ideas did not banish the satisfaction of the party; Sir Robert wished, what perhaps is the wish of few fathers who have daughters, that Jemima might not be Lady Scarsdale: he thought Keddleston too formidable a rival, and too far off Hulne Abbey, not to cause that to be deserted: but the grounds were walked over, and each thought as they pleased; and it pleased all, and every one, to dislike the taste of the medicinal spring: it was an additional pleasure that they were free from scorbutic eruptions, not to be necessitated to take potations of that stream, which is neither pleasing to taste or smell. It was late in the evening ere they again reached Mat-

lock, and Luna lighted up the latter part of the road to their view. Those who make but a short stay at Matlock, should always contrive to have that period during the full moon: the heights of Abram are in highest perfection, to be climbed of a moonlight night.

Sir Robert de Grey had a little fear of allowing Jemima to explore the great cavern; the chilling damps, and slippery paths, and projecting rocks, he thought presented various perils; but she was anxious to go, and Lord de Courcy promised to protect her with his life; Lord Cardross was to have the care of Isabella. On they moved, each with a candle in their hand, and reached the music saloon, set out with piano-fortes; the guide is rustic enough to call them flitches of bacon; but it is a music saloon, with a variety of pianos, cabinet, oblique, harmonic, circular, and square; and with all the varieties that instrument is capable of: then comes Lot's wife, who ought to play a lesson

to the company; and the diamond gallery, from which she might enrich and adorn her hair: but all remain in their petrified state, except the beholders; for they do not possess the power of Gorgons to turn them into stone. Safe and well the party returned from the cavern, only dirtied; it is impossible to gratify curiosity there but at the expense of cleanliness. Sir Robert thought a walk the best preservative from catching cold; and having been in the bowels of the earth, it would be a judicious change to climb the heights of Masson hill; and they all attained the summit, after a circuit of some labour and weariness; but the view amply repaid bodily fatigue; and the mind will never feel weariness in such a scene. Each one sat down to take a view; it was done without consulting upon the subject, and each one produced a beautiful landscape, with a variety of objects for the leading feature. The high Tor is rarely done justice to in its representations; but

the judicious taste of Lord Cardross did it every justice; his enthusiasm brought every feature into view, with all its charms undiminished; and Isabella was not far short of him in her view; she gained advantage in the judicious instructions and alterations of Lord Cardross, in her drawings, and she promised fair to equal her instructor.

Sir Robert de Grey thought some attention due to the company, and that they should not be exclusively devoted to excursions; but occasionally mix in their amusements, and the president was informed the party would attend the ball in the evening. Some of the ladies now thought the crisis of their fate approaching, and many were the visits paid to the milliner in the morning. They had not much hopes of a peer dancing with them; but they determined to set off their attractions in their gaudiest attire. Miss Rogget always wished to shine as the best dancer, and fancied she must be

beyond compare superior to Jemima, and the noblemen must give her the preference, so she had little palpitation, she thought it almost a certainty. Mrs. Waller said, "I certainly am the finest woman here, beauty will carry the prize, I shall gain a Peer." "But," said Miss Lemon, "who can stand in competition with me, "for shape and gait and careless air? I don't see much in Miss de Grey, I dare say either of the noblemen prefer me to her; I shall be sure of both for a partner, I question if they dance with any but myself." The president happened to be a gauché sort of mortal; some said, a broken German Jew merchant; some said, a dealer in lace; some an understrapper at the Opera House. Opera dancer he certainly was not, for he could hardly move his limbs, or do a step; let him be what he might, Jemima did not like him for a partner, and obtained permission from her father to dance with none but Lords de Courcy

and Cardross. She and Isabella wore Spanish dresses, with rich topaze ornaments. Lord de Courcy watched her with so anxious an eye, least any one else should presume to pay her attention, that he prevailed on her to enter the ball-room leaning on his arm; Isabella followed supported by Lord Cardross. Mr. Curran made his bow to the heroine, and hoped to have the honour of opening the ball with her; she replied, she was engaged to Lord de Courcy. Mr. Curran, though very proud of his place as president, conducted Lord de Courcy to the top of the room, and desired Lord Cardross to stand second couple; while he took Miss Rogget to exhibit fine steps with, and stood the third. The old people did allow they had a treat in seeing Miss de Grey and Lord de Courcy dance. I fear it was no treat to the dancers, for they certainly did seem to feel something like jealousy: there seemed

a consciousness of being eclipsed; and the noblemen appeared so well satisfied with their partners, much hope did not remain even with the vainest of having the envied distinction of dancing with a Peer. There was no air of superciliousness about the northern star; she was civil and attentive to all the company; and some of the old ladies thanked her in warm terms for the treat she gave them in seeing such a graceful couple; "if I could have my will for the evening," said Mrs. Steward, "you and Lord de Courcy should not be parted for the evening; you are the two best dancers in the room, and you ought not to dance with any body else." This speech was overheard, and much flouted at by many of the misses. "Why how can a grand-mother be any judge of dancing," they said? "I wish the old woman would hold her tongue; I could dance much better if I danced with Lord de

Courcy," said Miss Rogget, "than with that old frump Mr. Curran:" but so infatuated were the two noblemen, that when the two first dances were over, Lord Cardross had the rapture to dance with Jemima, and Lord de Courcy danced with Isabella. Our heroine had a satisfaction whilst she danced with Lord Cardross, to think she plainly perceived, though he still thought her the first of human beings, he was not so exclusively devoted to her, but could allow there was merit in Isabella; something that made her interesting. She took care to make her the subject of her panygeric, and to enlarge greatly on the noblest features of her character. He evidently was assuming more fortitude of character, and it was hoped would allow his adoration of Jemima to subside into gentler feelings; and allow another to become his wife, who would have no reason to complain she did not possess a due portion of his love and

attention. She thought none could be more suitably paired than Isabella and Lord Cardross; both had been disappointed in the first wish of their hearts; neither would expect from the other the fervour of a first love; both were amiable, with a similarity of pursuits and taste; and if they had children to engage their affection, she doubted not but they would be a happy couple; at least with a superior degree of happiness to each pining in single wretchedness. Jemima thought it the work of a philanthropist to endeavour to unite them.

Lord de Courcy was pleased when the time came for him to resume Jemima for his partner; though he talked not of love, and did not seem certain himself yet, if he was in love; yet he was not pleased another should pay attention to her: and Jemima was so accustomed to his being always her companion wherever she went, that it seemed a tacit agreement between them

they should belong to each other for the time being; without either being certain they wished to marry. Nothing could exceed his care and attention of her; and there is some danger in the environs of Matlock and excursions about it. Ascending the High Tor; descending into the caverns, and mounting in Dovedale; and descending at Castleton into Speedwell mine, and exploring the great cavern. It is said none can enjoy Matlock without a lover: those whose hard fate has doomed them to experience so melancholy a lot, must decide that question. It is certainly much more enjoyable with one than without one.

And now this impertinent Mrs. Steward, who was so delighted with seeing Jemima dance, to the great annoyance of the other misses; came up to her, and begged she would dance a reel; to see her dance a reel would be such a treat, as she had never

experienced in her life before. The request was immediately complied with, Lords de Courcy, and Cardross, and Jemima, and Isabella, forming themselves into a set. How unlike the melancholy dejected figure met with in the romantic ravine dividing Rokebyand Mortham, was Lord Cardross; he danced with spirit, and he danced with grace. The set was good, and grandmamma Steward went and seated herself by Sir Robert de Grey, to pour her raptures into his ears. For the rest of the dancers were not pleased. Mr. Curran thought he would outshine Lord de Courcy, and he led Mrs. Waller, and Mr. Bellingham conducted Miss Rogget to form another set. Miss Rogget always wore very short petticoats, and capered about very much; so this set puffed and panted, and turned and turned, and kicked and jumped; till at last an unlucky idea crossed the mind of Mrs. Steward, of the witches' dance in Tam

O'Shanter: and upon Miss Rogget giving a most flourishing kick and jump, she cries out in ecstasy, (having perceived all along this party meant to outshine that she took so much pleasure in) "We'll loupen cutty sark." This occasioned such a laugh against the set they gave up their exhibition; and Sir Robert seeing more dissatisfaction was created by his party than gratification to the company, he reminded Jemima she must spare herself for her exertions next morning, and they left the room. Mr. Curran then set up the Boulanger; but the company could not make much of the figure, and right hand and left they could make nothing of; they had the mortification of being obliged to find out, there were better dancers than them in the world; and it did not add to their good-humour to make this discovery. The ball broke up without having given the satisfaction hoped for. That the noblemen danced with none but their own set, was not palatable;

and why they did not, nobody could guess; at least the dancing misses could not. Mrs. Steward was wished by many to have her tongue cut out, or to meet with the fate of Dame Din, in Belphegor, and be struck dumb. "What business had she to be meddling with the dancers: and who cared about the opinion of an old grand-mother? and how should she be any judge? She ought to stay at home, and not come here to be meddling in other people's matters;" and Miss Rogget declared nothing was genteeler than short petticoats; and she would wear short petticoats spite of all the old grandmothers in the world. Mr. Curran was rather mortified that he had not been of more importance. He thought a man who sat at the head of the table had a right to outshine the whole Peerage; and he determined to snatch some opportunity of playing on his guitar to Miss de Grey; he thought that must captivate her.

It was heart-burning to the females in the house, to see noblemen paying so much attention to ladies, and be ready to go with them whenever they went out; and they could not get equally well attended, it was very tantalizing. Mr. Curran had hints given him of his want of attention, and he retorted, he could only be at the service of beauty. Mr. Hatton, who over-heard, and enjoyed this altercation, said—

> "Simon does vow, nay he does swear
> He'll dance with none but what are *fair*:
> Suppose we women should dispense,
> Our hands to none but men of sense?
> Suppose?—well, madam, and what then?
> Why, Sir,—*you'd never dance again!*"

Mr. Curran's retort did not mend matters: the ladies wanted to find out Miss de Grey was high and conceited: the gentlemen would not allow it. Dr. Stukeley said, she was superior to any beauty of his younger days; and was perfectly free from airs or affectation: and Mr. Hatton, who

was the slave of beauty, said, he had never, in England or France, seen so fine a woman, or one more without pride. Mrs. Steward would not give up her darling; and there were great dissensions and discontent amongst the company. Miss Lemon thought she was ill-used, that the milliner had not taken pains with her cap; or she would have been the beauty of the room: and Miss Rogget insisted, she would have been the best dancer, only her shoes pinched her: and Mrs. Waller said, her dress-maker had ruined her figure, by making her gown so ill.

The ladies thought it ill manners, none of them were invited to join the distant excursions: there were three carriages belonging to the party, and they might accommodate many besides themselves; there was so much pleasure in riding in a coronet carriage; and Lord de Courcy certainly was a very handsome man; though they

must think him too vain of his teeth: and Lord Cardross, though not handsome, looked quite the nobleman; any woman might like him. They could not imagine what this northern star, as she was called, could expect, not to be ready to snap at such a man as Lord Cardross: they supposed she expected a duke to offer to her; or, perhaps, she thought herself too clever to marry.

Mrs. Steward never would suffer her darling to be pulled to pieces; and she stood forward as knight-errant of her child, as she called Jemima: she said Miss de Grey had the proper dignified manners for a gentlewoman: she had no notion of a young woman being ready to snap at every man who would have her, like the impudent pusses she saw now-a-days. "When I was a young woman," said Mrs. Steward, "I made all the men keep their distance. There was Mr. Hurtle used to come up, with his thumbs stuck in his waistcoat, and flapping

his fins at me, and, being very gallant; and I said, Pray, Sir, keep your distance; I shall have nothing to say to you: and there was Mr. Smith, used to be so sweet upon me, and talked of his fine place, and his romantic hermitage: but I can assure you, Sir, said I, you will never embellish your place with me. And then Mr. Colly was following one day in the snow; and I turned about with great dignity, and said, Pray, Sir, what business have you to follow me? So he slank away. I always kept the men at a great distance, as handsome women ought to do: I dare say Miss de Grey will refuse a matter of twenty before she marries." "Well, I wish she would send her cast-off lovers here," echoed Miss Rogget and Miss Lemon, "for I am sure we want men bad enough here; the few we have pay no attention to the ladies." Mrs. Steward said, "When you know as much of men as I do, you will not be in such haste to be married:

but I must go, and smoke my pipe, for I feel a twinge of the gout, and I must take care to keep it out of my stomach." So away she hobbled out of the room; and the Ladies were spared hearing more praises of Miss de Grey: but the sound of carriages being heard driving up to the door, there was a general running to the windows to see who was coming: it was Sir Robert de Grey's, and Lord de Courcy's carriages; and after watching some time, they saw Sir Robert, Jemima, and Lord de Courcy, get into the first carriage, and Lord Cardross and Isabella into the second; and they drove off, for an excursion of some days to Chatsworth, Castleton, and Buxton: so the heart-burning, and hopes, and fears, were allayed for an interval.

Miss Rogget was now convinced she was the best dancer, her shoes no longer pinched her; and Mr. Curran was not despised in the absence of better men. They

swam, sprawled, frisked, and languished together now, and thought each other charming. Miss Lemon's cap was become so very bewitching, and she looked so fascinating in it, it grew so great a favourite with her, she said, if the house was on fire she should call out, Oh! my cap! my cap! Mrs. Waller's dress, upon a second putting on, was quite the thing, to shew off a fine figure; but on the first time of wearing a dress, it somehow will go wrong.

There was a sigh wafted now and then; Lord Cardross had not been gallant enough to order out his carriage, and add some of the elegantes to the party. "Indeed," says Dr. Stukeley, "I think they are better off; they have elegantes enough with them. And besides, Ladies," says he, with a gallant air, "we could not afford to lose all our graces at once: let us poor commoners have some ladies to flirt with: and I am grandson of a nobleman; I do not look upon

myself as nobody; and Hatton has some noble blood in his veins. Do not sigh after what is unattainable; but remember, a bird in hand is worth two in a bush."

CHAPTER V.

Let other tongues their various censure choose,
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse;
Fair truth, at last, her radiant beams will raise,
And *malice vanquished, heightens virtue's praise.*

MR. HATTON entered the drawing-room with a cynical smile on his countenance, saying,—

When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

and making a low bow, I congratulate you, ladies and gentlemen, on the new arrival. "What!" cried Dr. Stukeley, "upon three old women in a hack-chaise, with the maid in the dickey: I never saw three worse frumps in my life; and who can they be travelling in such a style? My relation, Lord Welford, I am sure would not sit down to

table with such jades." Mr. Hatton replied, "The Diable Boiteaux will give you their history; the large athletic figure, with the umbrella in her hand, who descended first from the vehicle, is Mrs. Sarah Silke, sister to Sir Charles Silke; she prides herself much upon her pedigree; her mother was daughter to a brewer, and proud as Lucifer, of being my lady: her husband turned brewer; and as he brewed, so did he bake! The brewery broke, the baronet became bankrupt, and the family have hardly kept their heads above water since. The brewery seems to have intoxicated the whole family; and entailed bankruptcy on all. The eldest son died of a gun-shot wound, but not on the field of battle; whether his death was accident or design, must remain for the next world to disclose. Poor Sally has always flattered herself Sir Charles was a Nelson, and was always anticipating with delight his being made a peer, and the grate-

ful nation buying him an estate: but, alas! his mode of fighting was fighting shy; and the nation have been spared their money and gratitude. Their parson will never be a bishop: he got into the family fashion of bankruptcy, and went abroad: when the revolution threw him into prison, which he had fled his own country to avoid: there he was employed as a Taylor, and at length he escaped from prison; and after much manœuvring, he was enabled to live in England, by a compromise with his creditors. He is now married, and, considering all things, is a marvellous good clergyman. The youngest brother trod in the steps of the elder, and as France was no longer an asylum for the debtor, he took refuge in the sanctuary of Holywood House; from thence he was moved to the West Indies, and there paid the debt of nature; the only creditor he was ever true to.

I have been thus diffuse, as you will find

Sal Silke marvellous proud of her family, and is particularly fond of settling her neighbours' affairs; and thinks nobody can keep out of debt if she does not manage their affairs for them: "Look at home," may be most justly said to her.

Mrs. Mary Frost is no less proud of her family: you will suppose from her style of talking, her father was the Bishop of Durham, who married the Duke of Kent's daughter; and her brother, and brother-in-law, have been the Attorney General: her father was a plain country clergyman, residing on his living, and his wife, daughter to a Birmingham manufacturer; the brother, and brother-in-law, are attorneys. So much for her claim to family pride.

Mrs. Lydia Crabtree has the best pedigree: they are a highly respectable gentleman's family, with neither brewers, or Birmingham manufacturers belonging to

them; and she speaks of them in such language, you will wonder from her account of them, by what miracle any of them have escaped the gallows." "Then, she's a fool," says Dr. Stukeley, "that is a foolish bird that fouls its own nest." "She was unfortunate in not being a male," said Mr. Hatton, "there would have been some fortunate circumstances attending her birth, had she been of the masculine gender; her not being so, raised some enmity against her; and one of the servants who never could endure her, said, she was born cross, and christened cross, and had been cross ever since; a most true character." When she was playing with children, and got her fortune told in their little books, it always was—

"Liar, let loose, thy wanton treacherous tongue,
Defy the truth, and mingle right with wrong;
But soon you'll learn, by dear experience bought,
That truth itself with thee, will pass for nought."

Her youngest sister, when a child, had

a little book, called the "Wonderful Transmigration of Souls;" in which those who had done ill, in this life, did penance in some loathsome animal in the next. Miss Abigail Evil Tongue, was deservedly turned into a serpent. This little innocent found out Miss Abigail was very like her sister Lydia: this enraged Lydia violently, but the idea has often been thought of as prophetic. You will now be prepared to relish the Tabbies when they appear, which I doubt not they will do at dinner.

The postilion was asked at the door if he knew who the ladies were? "No, not I," said he, "I brought them from Alfreton, and I can tell you more about the —— of that there big one, with the umbrella, than any thing else. The first church-yard we came to, she hollowed out of the window to me to stop, and said as how I should open the door, for she wanted to get out, there was such a particular fine view from the

church-yard. So up she tramped, and I thought I might as well see this fine view, so I went round 'tother side of the church, and when I got there, what do you think the view was? Why, 'twas her —— against the church-door." This story raised a shout of laughter amongst the auditors, and Mr. Hatton happening to come down at this juncture, desired to know the joke. The postilion was so pleased with the effect of the story, he repeated it again, and Mr. Hatton thought this a choice *morceau* against Sally. He determined to tell Dr. Stukeley, and they would talk to her at dinner of the fine view from Highnam Church-yard.

At dinner the three Tabbies walked into the room, and were seated by the waiter at the lower end of one side. Mr. Hatton and Dr. Stukeley sat in the middle; and having a speaking acquaintance with the ladies they bowed. Mr. Hatton, as a prelude, in-

quired of Mrs. Silke which road she came? "By Alfreton," she replied. "Then," said he, "I am sure you got out at Highnam to see the fine view from the church-yard, you are such an admirer of the beauties of nature." "Yes," said Dr. Stukeley, "and I can assure you, Mrs. Silke, the postilion is a great admirer of the beauties of nature, he admired very much what he saw there, and I think the church-wardens will be much obliged to you for painting the church-door for nothing." This was too much for the waiters, they burst out a laughing, and left the room; the company who had been let into the joke were overset, and the laugh became general, either from knowing the cause, or infection from seeing others laugh. This chorus of laughter rather disconcerted Sally in her debut at Matlock; and Mr. Hatton, to divert attention, asked Mrs. Mary Frost if she had been at Matlock before? "Yes," drawled

out Mrs. Mary, with her harsh voice, "I have been here with my father and mother: we came in our coach and four, and brought so many saddle horses, I could lend horses to all my friends: I was surrounded by beaux, and they would make me go every where, they kept the boat on purpose for me to go out whenever I liked; and the men would make me go to Dovedale, and led me up and down the rocks and into Reynards-Hall and kitchen, and they made me go quite through to the end; if they had had not got a collation for me at the Grange, I should have fainted with fatigue: but the beaux were always thronging about me, and devising parties of pleasure. I was obliged to go to Keddleston, and Chatsworth, and Castleton, and Hardwick; nothing could equal the attention of the men to me."—"Why, Molly," says Dr. Stukeley, "how comes it with all this you never get a husband?" "I have an awful dread

of marriage," she said; "I have had no end of offers, but nothing can induce me to change my name; Mr. Gardner is wild to have me; I dare not trust myself alone with him, for fear of being teazed into a promise of marriage; and his intimate friends, the Chaces, are so eager for the match, I dare not visit them, for fear they should beset me, and hamper me with some promise to marry."

"Well pulled, Molly," said Dr. Stukeley, aside to Mr. Hatton, "I know Gardner very well; he never had an income to think of marrying, he knew well from his father's style of living, he could have nothing but debts, and he never could think of a wife, and if he had it would not have been such a cat as Molly Frost, trust me. Gardiner is very respectable and saved money, and paid his father's debts as much as he could; and he is deservedly respected and gets on in the law; I wish a girl with fifty

thousand pounds would fall in love with him; he might make any woman happy, but he is not come-at-able for Molly Frost. He is meat for her betters."

"You have seen all the immediate beauties of Matlock, Mrs. Mary," said Mr. Hatton. "Yes," she replied, "the men made me go every-where, they dragged me to the top of Masson-hill, and the high Tor, and the great Cavern, and Rutland Cavern, and Critch Valley, and Love Walks." "And," said Dr. Stukeley, "these enamoured swains sighed out their souls at your feet in Love Walks, or at least they must have worn out their soles with so much walking: but, Molly, with your delicate health, how came you to be so robust as to bear all this exercise." "My complaints are all in my head," said she. "Yes, it is full enough of maggots, I believe," said Dr. Stukeley, aside. "My heels, my physicians tell me," continued Mrs. Mary

Frost, "are given me to counteract my head."

Mr. Hatton was anxious to bring Mrs. Lydia Crabtree forward, and to give her an opportunity of displaying her amiable temper: he said, "How is your invalid brother? I was quite shocked to see him such a cripple; for so young a man, not to be able to stir without two sticks is melancholy, and he is so patient, and makes as light as possible of his complaints." "Oh," said Mrs. Lydia, "I am so glad when I get away from him, the knock of his sticks is such a disagreeable noise." "And so," said Dr. Stukeley, "all your feeling for your brother's infirmities is, you don't like the knock of sticks; make yourself feet to the lame, he will want less aid from wood then, a crabstick is a stout support." "He is in debt," said Mrs. Lydia, "and he leads such a useless life, I have no patience with him." "So it seems," said the Doc-

tor, "and does your want of patience prevent your assisting him with your purse, and doing all that notability and economy can do to retrieve his affairs? I dare say you keep a plain frugal table, and never ask company to the house." "Oh! I must live as other people do," said Mrs. Lydia, "the Mawdsley's always keep a good table, and I must do as they do: it is impossible to live without a good table, and seeing a great deal of company. I ask every body to the house I think will ask me to stay with them; for I cannot bear to be at home —I want to be always going out, and living at other people's expense." "Lydia, you never will be independent," said the Doctor, "better is the life of a poor man in a mean cottage, than delicate fare in another man's house; for it is a miserable life to go from house to house; for where thou art a stranger, thou darest not open thy mouth. Thou shalt entertain and feast, and have no

thanks; moreover thou shalt hear bitter words. These things are grievous to a man of understanding."

The Doctor fixed his eyes full on the face of all the Tabbies, as he said these verses with particular emphasis. It is difficult to say which of the three most relishes delicate fare in another man's house: it runs in the Silke blood. Sal Silke's brother, the parson, before he married, was so fond of going uninvited to every body's house who kept a good table, that the gentlemen were determined to get rid of him, and as soon as he was seen stopping at a door, the gentlemen rang for their great-coats, and by the time he reached the drawing-room they were putting on their great-coats, and the salutation was, "Well, Silke! where are you going? I am going to such a place for some days."

"I have seen a very handsome sister of yours, Mrs. Lydia," Mr. Hatton said, "I

hope she is well. "Lord! I don't think her handsome, she is so conceited and affected." "Nay, Mrs. Lydia," said Mr. Hatton, "I never saw a fine woman bear her honours with more humility—she is perfectly free from conceit and affectation—she is one of the finest figures I ever saw, and carries herself so well." "Lord! she holds up her head and looks so stiff," said Mrs. Lydia; and pursued Mr. Hatton, "I never saw a finer temper:" "Oh! she's so proud," said Mrs. Lydia." "She has cause for it," said Mr. Hatton, "but too much sense to feel it—she is one of the finest dancers I ever saw, and a most elegant dresser; and wherever she goes, is allowed to be one of the most elegant, fashionable women in the place—she is always surrounded by admirers." "Lord!" said Mrs. Lydia, "I'm sure men like me much better than her—they must think I must make a much better wife." She had now got into her favourite way of

biting her lips, and tilting up her chair, till in the vehemence of her abuse, the more she said, the more she tilted, till at last the chair gave way, and down sprawled Mrs. Lydia Crabtree upon the floor. "There," said Dr. Stukeley, "behold the fall of vanity! nobody but yourself, or those who are equally envious of your sister, can discover you are most admired. Come, waiters, set up this fallen beauty; let me have her lovely face again before my eyes: and now, Mrs. Lydia, that you have resumed the chair, tell me, I pray thee, why that lovely face of yours, so much admired, could not captivate Mr. Seewell? As his name indicates clear sight, how could he be so blind to your merit?" "Now," said the Doctor, "I have a sneaking kindness for all handsome women, and I am ready to be their knight-errant on all occasions. In behalf of this lady, whose champion I now am, I shall tell you what this *soi-disant*,

more admired beauty did to gain a husband, and *failed.*

"Mr. Seewell lost his wife, to whom this unrivalled beauty before you, was a cousin. Lydia has already told you she loves good eating; so as this widower kept a good table, down goes Mrs. Lydia and takes possession of his house: having heard possession was nine points of the law, she thought it must be 'the way to get married.' Mr. Seewell was Mr. Seeclear; he could discern Mrs. Lydia's intentions, and took all opportunities of telling her he had no thoughts of her; and he merely looked upon her as his daughter's companion. Her friends represented to her the indelicacy of going by herself to visit a widower with only a girl of seven years old in the house. She said it was like being with him when his wife was laying-in. Lydia staid on; she was written to, to say how she lowered herself in all people's eyes;

continuing there, she should at least get one of her sisters to be with her: but no female would she admit into the house, for fear of a rival; and Lydia staid on. Mr. Seewell pretended business, and went from home; Lydia staid on. Then he must go to see his boys at school; Lydia staid on—till at last so much remonstrance was made to her on the impropriety of her conduct, and hoping her loss might awaken Mr. Seewell to love, she left him, flattering herself with the hope he would find his home not endurable without her, and would pursue her with all the agony of a frantic lover in a novel—fall at her feet—own his smothered affection, which had blazed out at last; and vow if she was cruel he would die of despair: and they must be married next morning, or he could not survive his agonized feelings. But somehow this Samson Agonistes, bore his loss with the firm-

ness of a stoic, and poor Lydia grew sourer than ever.

"Well," said Mrs. Lydia, "I am sure he might as well have married me; his children were monstrously fond of me: I was monstrously vexed he did not marry me, and so perplexed I did not know what to do. I wish I had not left his house. I think I should have made him marry me; but men are so afraid of sensible women, and I'm monstrous sensible." "Ah! Lydia," said the Doctor, "*vous n'avez pas de politique*: you don't consider how shy and smoky widowers are; you let your traps be too visible: you should have taken your handsome sister down with you, and always extolled *her* beauty to Mr. Seewell, and said, she certainly was the finest woman in the world, and then she was so amiable; you were sure she would make the best wife in the creation, and you should be so

happy to see her well married—all you had to wish for then was to be allowed to live with her—you were so fond of her it would break your heart to be parted from her; and it would be such a satisfaction to you to be of use to her in managing her house, and helping to take care of her dear little babes; dear little souls! I should be so fond of them: I should love them like grand-children. Mr. Seewell would then have thought, why this disinterested amiable creature is only thinking of getting her sister married; and hopes to induce me to fall in love with her; but I do not like to have a wife pointed out to me; I shall choose for myself: and surely so sweet a creature, who has no other ambition but to get her sister married, and live as her humble companion, will make me a grateful humble wife, if I confer upon her this honour solicited for her sister; and she must be so sweet-tempered and disinterested, to

have this romantic, enthusiastic love and adoration for her sister; I should exactly like such a disposition for my wife; it beautifies her face: Lydia for my money!" That's "the way to get married," Lydia; but you went and set your trap so visible, *without any bait*; a blind man would have been set on his guard against you: and knitting his stockings you thought would knit his affections; but he took the stockings and laughed at the knitter. Miss Wily and Miss Sinclair attacked old bachelors, and succeeded; you stuck to widowers, and are still on the *pavé* for a husband. There is a nicety in these things you single ladies don't always understand; and then you have to say:

"I am not what I was, but just the reverse,
I am what I was which is still more perverse.
By night and by day, I am still on the fret,
Because I am not what I never was yet."

And people look upon you as haunted

houses; you are supposed to be possessed by an *evil spirit*, because *nobody takes you.*"

"I am sure," said Mrs. Lydia, "it is monstrous vexatious to take so much pains to get married, and after all to lose one's labour: and then people think they have a right to laugh at old maids. I'm sure its bad enough to be an old maid, without having it made worse by being a laughing-stock." "Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Silke, "It is very strange, when a lady is anxious to be married, gentlemen will not have them. I don't know any one wants a husband worse than my friend Miss Perton; and she has five thousand good pounds in her pocket. She would be very glad to marry a man of large fortune in Dorsetshire. She is very partial to the county." "Aye, I dare say," said Dr. Stukeley, "she would be glad of a man of large fortune in any county; I give her credit for it. The Pertons are famous for not loving virginity;

I will advise the girl to advertise for a husband. "Miss Perton presents her compliments to the male sex, and informs them that in consequence of the arrival from France of her uncle's byblow, her residence in his house is become extremely unpleasant. She wishes it to be known she is greatly in want of a husband, and is ready to take any gentleman of large fortune, who will be so obliging as to relieve her from her unpleasant situation. Letters, post-paid, addressed to C. P. George-street, Hanover-square, will be immediately answered.

"N.B. Miss P. will have no objection to a gentleman of large fortune in Dorsetshire, as she likes the county very well."

"There, Mrs. Silke, I think that is a very pretty worded address; it must have the desired effect." Mrs. Silke was a little ruffled at the Doctor's joke. "Indeed, Sir," she said, "it is no laughing matter

that ladies cannot marry whom they please, and when they want a husband: you men only make a jest of love." "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Silke," said the Doctor, "I touched too tender a string; you wished to have been tickled by a straw; but the straw did not take fire—straw was too harsh to mix with silk. Now if you had fallen in love with Mr. Stuff, you would have made a very pretty manufactory; the young Poplins you would have found always saleable—*your* daughters would not have hung on hand. But breeding, Mrs. Silke, would sadly have curtailed your walks—you could not have walked as you do now, twenty miles a day, had you been with-child." "Oh!" said Mrs. Silke, "breeding need not alter people's ways. I look upon it, women may safely do what they're used to when they are breeding—and when I am with-child, I look upon it, I may walk as I do now with perfect safety—I shall only

not do what I am unused to." The company, who had listened with great pleasure to the conversation between Dr. Stukeley, Mr. Hatton, and the Tabbies, could keep their countenance no longer, at the idea of Sal Silke with-child, and set up such a chorus of laughter. The queen of the drawing-room in pity to these damsels in distress, arose, and conducted them into the drawing-room.

It was some time before the gentlemen had finished their laugh; when conversation began again, Doctor Stukeley said he would treat the company with some anecdotes of the Tabbies. "You must know," said he, "Sal Silke always spends the winter in Bath—she goes out a great deal into public, and to parties, and always walks. Did you observe what a great *derriere* she has?—she is always walking about of a morning, and bustles along in an odd way; and some unlucky wags, accustomed to see

her, took it into their heads it would be fine fun some evening, whilst she was knocking at a door, to give her a good spank, and a moon-light night would be best—so while Sal had her back turned, and her hand on the knocker, giving a fine rap-tap; the assault was made, and such a spank given, the street re-echoed with it, and before Sal could recover from her surprise and turn herself round, the assailants had fled.

"I shall tell you some anecdotes of the loves of these dainty damsels," said the Doctor: "Sal Silke never thought any body in love with her—I must do her this justice; but all who visited at Madderton she thought in love with Anne; and she is no more lovely than Sal—and Sal has a merit Anne wants. Hatton has told you how poor all the family were—Sal was the only one kept them from complete ruin. She is strong as a horse, and she worked like a man in the garden; pruned and nailed all the wall-

fruit, and kept the green-house in order, and overlooked all the garden, which she kept up respectably, with only day-labourers working under her direction. Sal did not stop here; she was equally active in the dairy, and sent her butter to market twice a week; and kept herself in ready money for house-keeping. By these shifts they were kept afloat, for none were prudent then but her. Having been used to bustle about with day-labourers, and dairy-maids, she has acquired a masculine overbearing manner, and thinks she is entitled to manage every body and their affairs, as she did at home. I do not like her manners, but I have respect for her active exertions in her father's house. With such a character you will readily suppose, love was not a mild passion. That "she never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm, i'the bud, feed on her damask cheek, and sat like patience on a monument smiling at grief." No, it

was more in the style of Polyphemus : "I rage, I melt, I burn." It was Dr. Straw who set this damsel's heart on fire ; and, however his name may lead you to suppose he is easily set on fire, it is not the case. His heart is impenetrable to love. A nobleman's sister fell in love with him, and became a victim to her attachment ; a consumption was the consequence of her ill-requited love, and an untimely grave received her. Sal is not made of such materials : she found her own advances availed nothing, and interceded with a friend of the Doctor's to espouse her cause, and plead the *violence* of her love ; but the friend did not approve of negotiated matches, and declined the task, and poor Sally was doomed to old maidism. I must say for Sal, to give the devil his due, she does not, like Molly Frost, tell lies, and say she has refused lovers ; but she has the vice of old maids in telling lies to defame wives—for

my part I never believe what an old maid says against a married woman, particularly if they defame handsome women.

"I can tell you a choice story of Molly Frost," continued the Doctor, "with her awful dread of matrimony some years ago, when her blood was younger. Molly lived with her brother, who was intimate with the Captain of a West-Indiaman. This Captain had a boy on his hands, who being anxious to get to England, hid himself on board his ship before they sailed, and did not shew himself till they had left the island he came from some days; so the captain allowed the lad to continue on board, and brought him to England. He had no where to go in England, and the captain kept him till he was ready to sail; and then desired Mr. Frost to protect him. He consigned the boy to Molly, who put him to school, and educated him till he was eighteen. She then tried to teach him the art of love; but

here again was a cold flinty heart to work upon—he would not listen to Molly's proposition to marry her. She gave him her watch amongst other bribes. Her brother found this out, and a fine fury Frost was in; he turned the boy a-drift to avoid the hazard of his being wrought upon to become his brother-in-law. Don't you think I was ready to laugh in Molly's face when she talked of her awful dread of marriage? I tried once to put her to the blush: I told her of an elderly maiden who had patronized a blind boy, son of a cow-keeper near London; and had him taught music: and when he was eighteen she got him appointed organist to a chapel; and to consummate his felicity, she bestowed her fair hand on him. He is a sad drunken dog, and does not use her well. Molly, so far from blushing at this narration, coolly said, 'if she wished to leave him her fortune, it was the best way to secure it to him.'"

"Lydia Crabtree does not say she has refused offers, or has an awful dread of matrimony. This justice I must do her—now for her feats of love," said Dr. Stukeley. "You have heard of the unsuccessful attack upon Mr. Seewell. She was not deterred from the pursuit of widowers by that mortification. Major Miller lost his wife, who left him five children. Mrs. Lydia doated on these dear babes, loaded them with presents and caresses; had them to her brother's house, and was like Tabby Bramble to the major. But here again is a tale of woe, of a flinty-hearted man. Tabby did not find the major a Lismahego, and she is still on the *pavé* for a husband; she is now in pursuit of an old bachelor with a good fortune: here she thinks is two strings to her bow, if she can get him to marry her, she is mistress of his fortune; if she fails there, she has an eye to a legacy. Did you mind how that spiteful toad spoke of her

sister? Never did one human being envy another as she does that handsome girl—if she is going into company, her dress never is right—if she is likely to be seen by men of good fortune, she is too much dressed, and Lydia makes her alter her dress, and does all she can to spoil her appearance—will teize her till she cries—if she can accomplish that, to spoil the look of her eyes—if there is to be only old men in company, then she is not dressed enough—is too careless of her appearance, and she must dress again to be smarter; and she will do all she can to spoil her clothes when they are new, and prevents her mother, whenever she can, buying her new clothes. Lydia possesses the art of ingeniously tormenting—she is the exact counterpart of Winifred Wormwood, in Hayley's Essay on old maids, and Bel Harlow is another prototype of hers. Lydia was brutal to another sweet girl, a sister who is dead. That

poor thing used to say to her youngest sister, in her last illness, "till I was in this state, Lydia never behaved to me with christian patience:" and poor soul, a more amiable being never lived—she was too mild and good for the tempers she had to deal with, and God took her in mercy. I never think of that poor thing but my heart bleeds for her."

Mr. Hatton said, "Doctor, I can help you to give some finishing touches to this portrait: did you never hear of Mrs. Lydia's disappointment with the amorous widow: that is not one of the least amusing anecdotes of her. She got hold of a rich dowager, who was left a widow when she was turned of fifty; all her dear friends thought her a broken-hearted widow, who would never think of another husband; should any one dare to suppose she could take a second husband, and presume to offer to her, he would be rejected with the haughty disdain

of a heroine of romance. She was moreover considered as so bad a life, that she could not live above two or three years; and then all these dear friends who puffed her as one of the first characters in the world, would come in for a good slice of her fortune. Mrs. Lydia got to live with her, and used to tell every body, how fond Mrs. Garrett was of her: she had never been so happy since the death of Mr. Garrett, as with this precious Tabby. Mrs. Garrett began dressing out like a girl, giving dinners and routs; and the officers were much invited to the house: and the best part of that joke was, these officers gave a ball, but never thought of inviting two such Tabbies: but some wag, by way of a quiz, sent them an invitation, which they greedily accepted; and when they arrived in the room the officers were all astonishment to see them come uninvited; however, they were too well bred not to be polite to them;

their laugh they kept till they were alone: it was then a question who will make up to these Tabbies? Supposing either were to be had for asking: but no one volunteered his services, and here that business dropped. But the widow's liveliness and gaiety surprised every body: she had never staid at a party beyond nine, and never kept her horses waiting a minute: but after she became a girl, when her carriage was announced at a large rout, where she was playing at cards with some smart man, she said, with a spirit and vivacity never heard in her before, "Tell the coachman to drive about; I shall not be ready for some time." "What's in the wind now," said all who heard her. The widow began now, as she walked about, to hold up her clothes very high, and shew her legs, almost to her knees. A gentleman who saw her walking in this fashion said, "I am sure the widow wants a husband, she shews her legs so

much." A labouring man who thought the exhibition of a pair of skinny legs, without shape, not admirable, called out to her, "Take care, my dear, you do not break your *sticks* before you get home."

The widow now thought it advisable to shift the scene to the sea-side; and thither she went with Mrs. Lydia and one of her brothers. Mrs. Garrett always took hold of the brother's arm in walking about; but she told Mrs. Lydia, she only did so because it was the fashion. While they were billing and cooing by the sea side, Mrs. Lydia always turned her back to them; and left the room after dinner as soon as she had drank one glass of wine, because she always had head-aches after dinner; so she never *saw* what was going forward; and when the widow one morning was pouring out the tea, and began to look languishing; and sighed and blushed; and Mrs. Lydia in an agony, with the idea her

dear friend was in an alarming state of health, says, "I fear, madam, you are unwell." Mrs. Garrett began to fan herself at a great rate, and blushing rosy red, and casting her eyes with modesty to the ground, said, "I am a little agitated; your brother wants to marry me!" Lord! Mrs. Garret! blunders out Lydia; "I'm sure it is *impossible*: what a knock-down blow to a lovesick widow." Mrs. Garrett was struck dumb; Mrs. Lydia was electrified, and breakfast passed in dumb shew. However the widow pleased herself, and the match went on. The only preparation she made in clothes was her having new lace put on her cloak, which she set Mrs. Lydia to do, for fear her Abigail should guess, if she was employed, it was a nuptial preparation; and she set upon the fidget all the time: "Is it not done? how slow you work;" and was in as much haste as if she was waiting to go to church: and she bought a

new ribbon of white satin for the *bonnet de nuit*, which completed her nuptial preparations; and she made Mrs. Lydia go with her to the milliners', and took her aside to consult how much ribbon she should want; and made such a giggling and snapping of her eyes, the milliners could not fail to guess what it was for: but Lydia's troubles did not end here; she was to break this news to the Abigail, who had been mistress of the house; and off tumbled Mrs. Abigail into hysterics, upon the information her reign was over. So Lydia had to recover and appease her. Great was the astonishment at seeing the bride return to her home with four horses in her carriage. "Dear me! what can the matter be?" says one to t'other; wonder upon wonder; there is Mrs. Garrett with four horses in her carriage: why, what will come next? Why, out it comes; the frisky widow had got a

husband three-and-twenty years younger than herself.

"Well done, Hatton," said Dr. Stukeley, "I think you have been as loquacious, and circumstantial, as any old maid." "I tell you what," says Mr. Hatton, "I will make Mrs. Lydia give you the history of the wedding-night; old maids love to pry into such matters, and Lydia will prattle away family history, like a child of five years old; I will play her off some day in that way."

When the gentlemen went into the drawing-room, Mrs. Mary Frost was seated at the tea-table, holding forth upon the style of grandeur and magnificence her brother lived in: how expensively his wife dressed; how sensible, beyond all others, his sons were; how superlatively accomplished his daughters were; in short, money is no object to him. "Mary," he will sometimes

say to me, "you are so clever in house-keeping, you would save me five hundred a year if you kept my house; but, however, my wife does very well." And he is always living in the great world; dukes, and peers, and baronets, always crowd about him, when he goes into public; you have no idea how he is courted; and then my sister is visited by all the great people in her neighbourhood; she gives such grand dinners; "Aye, Molly," interrupted Dr. Stukeley, "her dinners I must take upon your credit, I never saw them; the jade was ready enough to come and stay at my house, before she married; and when I and Mrs. Stukeley went to call upon her in this palace, you are boasting of, she only asked us to tea; I was too provoked with her stinginess to go, if she is so rich, she might show her gratitude." "Oh!" drawled out Mrs. Mary, "my sister is so engaged with the great folks of her neighbourhood,

she has no leisure to attend to old acquaintance." "Would she give a dinner to my relation, Lord Welford, if he called upon her?" said Dr. Stukeley, "I assure you I think it no honour, for a man of my connexions, to be asked to dine with an attorney; and for all what you may say of the grandeur and magnificence of attorneys, and noblemen dining with them; they only laugh in their sleeve if they give themselves airs: my relations, Lord Welford, and some more noblemen, dined one day with an attorney, who had hired plate to make a display; and had fish, early fruit, and vegetables from London." "Well, upon my word, this is very well for an attorney," said my relation, Lord Welford, to Lord Haresfield, as the carriage drove off from the door.

Mr. Hatton thought the Doctor would quite overthrow Mrs. Mary in her ride upon her great horse, so to help her re-

mount, he says, "I think I have met you at Harrogate; were you pleased with the place?" "Yes," said Mrs. Mary; "the men did all they could to make it delightful to me; I was the idol of the place, I was danced off my legs: a gentleman wanted me to have gone off to Gretna Green with him, but I am so very high principled, I refused him:" "What, Molly, "did he want to make a —— of you?" said the Doctor; "if you were secure he would have made an honest woman of you, you had better have taken him at his word, for you see you have not got another; remember that old saying:

"They that will not when they may,
When they will, they shall have nay.'"

"I have such an awful dread of matrimony," said Mrs. Mary, "and I do not feel easy about my salvation; I only think of that now." "In truth," said the Doctor,

"you have reason, for liars, and defamers, and slanderers, and backbiters, are excluded from the kingdom of heaven. Think of that excellent lesson for old maids, the vision of Don Roderick; you would certainly be struck dumb, and have your face blackened; but, whether you would come in for the whole, Molly, I will not go such lengths as to say; or rather, I will not tell tales out of school; that *fever* story, Molly, I am dumb about, putting his finger on his mouth."

Mr. Hatton thought he must again play the part of Mr. Harmony, and asked Mrs. Mary if she had been at Scarborough? "Yes," said Mrs. Mary, I have been at Scarborough, but I was so watched, and beset, by a gentleman there, I dare not set my foot out of the house; at last, he was always about the door of our house, that I could not stir without his seeing me." "That was an awkward accident

you met with, Mrs. Mary, about getting over the stile," said Mr. Hatton." "Oh! he was a perfect gentleman," she replied, "a thorough elegant man." "Did you ever see the ghost of that unfortunate, murdered, fair one, who appears to the visitors at Scarborough, to warn them to beware of the base arts of men; and place no confidence in so false a creature?" inquired Mr. Hatton. "Fie, Hatton!" said the Doctor, "do you think the ghost of a ravished woman, could dare to shock the chaste eyes of Mrs. Mary Frost, nor would she ever look upon one so defiled. You must not talk such balderdash to Mrs. Mary; talk to her of her lovers." "With pleasure," said Mr. Hatton; "I saw your admirer, Mr. Pyndar, lately, Mrs. Mary." "Oh! he is so fond of me, she said, and so attentive to me in company. Miss Fellowes is wild for him, and always looks as black as thunder at me, when Mr. Pyndar pays me atten-

tion. But I am such a fav.* with all men; Dr. Woodville, who thinks hardly any woman worth speaking to, always insists upon his wife sending to him, when I make her a morning visit, and he comes directly and keeps me talking as long as he can; and uncle Mawdsley, as I always call him, used to be so fond of me, he always would have me come and sit by him." "Yes," said the Doctor, "he is very fond of pretty girls—we can easily guess he was fond of you. I wonder, Mrs. Mary, you never got poisoned by some envious female; the whole sex must detest you for monopolizing men's hearts so."

"Pray, Mrs. Lydia," said Mr. Hatton, winking on Dr. Stukeley, "how is your cousin, Lady Ermine?" "Oh! she is very well," said Mrs. Lydia; she hopes to have

* Mrs. Mary's coinage: an abbreviation for favourite.

ten sons." "I admire her much," said Mrs. Hatton, "she is a sensible well-bred woman, and exemplary as a wife and mother." "She wears such high heels to her shoes," said Mrs. Lydia. "Your cousin, Mrs. Cuthbert, is a very pleasing woman," said Mr. Hatton, "I never hear her say an ill-natured word of any one." "Oh!" said Mrs. Lydia, "she has got a sore leg, and had it many years; but she does not wish it to be known." "That is the reason," said Mr. Hatton, "I suppose, you tell it. Tell me how Mrs. Sledmere is?" "Oh, she is troubled with epileptic fits; but she does not like it should be known." "Kind creature!" said Dr. Stukeley, "So you get into a house; find out these infirmities of your confiding friends, and *proclaim* them to all the world; acknowledging they wish to *conceal* them. I tell you what, Lydia, you shall not visit in my house; you will be stripping me naked to see what infirmities I have, to proclaim

them to the world. I don't like that prying, proclaiming spirit; it is like a bad servant, not a gentlewoman."

"How is your cousin Mr. Mawdsley," said Mr. Hatton," "I cannot think," said Mrs. Lydia, "how he can live in a house in Wimpole-street, on six hundred a-year. I don't say he is in debt; but I cannot make out how he lives, unless you can add to his income." "Leave him to manage for himself," said Mr. Hatton. "Pray," said he, "how is your sister Anne?" "Oh! she has spent all her fortune." "Well, and are you so amiable as to maintain her, or do you let her starve?" "Oh no!" said this kind-hearted sister, "I don't trouble my head with paying her debts; she has carved her own lot, and must abide by it."

"I have been in company with a cousin of yours with a large family." "Yes, his wife prides herself upon her notability and feeding the servants so cheap, she keeps

them upon bacon and cabbage." "You have another brother, Mrs. Lydia," "Yes, I expect he will come to shut himself up with a death's head, and an hour-glass." "Sweet little prattler," said the Doctor—"dear little innocent! what pretty narratives it gives."

Mr. Hatton now thought it time to bring, Mrs. Silke forward to let out some gall, and asked her if she visited Mr. and Mrs. Enstone at Bath? "Visit him! no," said Mrs. Silke, indignantly, "an infamous, good-for-nothing rascal—I don't visit him; and I never will visit him." "Mrs. Silke," said Mr. Hatton, all astonishment, "you are the first person I ever heard speak against Mr. Enstone. I don't look upon him as a sensible man, but I never heard one vice imputed to him; and as a husband he has always been exemplary; they are called the constant couple: you rarely see one without the other." "Oh," said Mrs.

Silke, " as for the matter of sense, he shewed cleverness enough about the buttons. It was a good plan, and very profitable for the school ; but I did not choose they should be made, and we had a violent contest, and he got the better." " And so because he understands managing a charity school better than yourself," said Dr. Stukeley, " you are to blast him to the world as a wretch unfit for society. I am very glad Hatton got you to chapter and verse, and made you explain why Mr. Enstone was so infamous a character. You visit my friend Mrs. Sanderson at Bath, I think, Mrs. Silke ?" " Visit her ! No, indeed," said Sal furiously, " do you think I would visit such a woman? I would as soon visit a ———." " What's in the wind now, Sal," said the Doctor, " did she get buttons made at a charity school ?" " I know nothing about her at a charity school," said Mrs. Silke, " or if she ever goes into one ; but I have seen her

husband with his hands round her neck. I had intended to have visited her; but when I saw what a puss she was to endure such odious liberties, I could not think of visiting such an indecent creature." "Modest creature!" said the Doctor, "you have no conception what horrid wretches husbands are, and the liberties they will take with their wives." "Yes, indeed," said she, "I have seen a good deal of that. I have seen husbands touch their wives with their *naked hands*. My relation the Baroness de Foolish, who is the height of propriety, never suffered the Baron to touch her with his naked hand for a long time after they were married; it was then only by accident, when he was ill in bed." "Well, but Mrs. Silke," said the Doctor, "I think I have seen you with Mrs. Chauvel, and she has been guilty of some *faux pas*." "No," said Sally, "I don't visit her; and I take care others shall not. My friend

Mrs. Gordon was going to visit her, and I went directly to tell her what a puss she was; and I go about to every body to tell them what sort of a fellow Mr. Hemingford is, that they may not visit him." "What has he done, Mrs. Silke?" said the Doctor, "Oh," said she, "that there is no doubt about, his wife peeped through the key-hole and saw, and I tell every body I know about it."

"Why, you seem quite a defamatory Quixote," said the Doctor;—"is that the purport of you three ladies taking this tour, to pull characters to pieces, and proclaim them to the world as infamous. A very christian-like occupation, I must needs own; you can truly call yourselves the disciples of Him who went about doing good."

"My friend Molly Frost is a knight-errant; she is her own Dulcinea; she will fight through thick and thin; she is the most peerless beauty of her sex."

"I know you visit Mrs. Charles Grey," said Dr. Stukeley; "tell me how she is?" "Oh! she is very near pupping," said Sally, "your sickly women always are pupping. There is some men I would not marry on any account, their wives do nothing but breed, and lie-in, and suckle—it is quite shocking." "Is not Mrs. Cullen in the family way?" said the Doctor. "Oh," said Sally, "she cooked herself up with expectation for a long time; and people thought there was nothing to come: but a little one did come at last." "What a lovely family my friend Mason has," said Mr. Hatton." "He does not trim their tails enough," said Mrs. Silke; "I have no notion of not trimming children's tails well; it is the best thing for them—if I have any children I shall take care their tails shall be well trimmed."

The Doctor and Mr. Hatton now retired into a corner of the room, to their tea-table.

"What jades those defamatory Quixotes are," said the Doctor; "I never see such malignant old maids, overflowing with gall as they do, but I think of the lamentable fruits of idleness. Had those women received a useful and a polished education, their minds would have been refined, and their time profitably spent. Had these women been educated for the *Sœurs de la Charité*, their time would have been spent in seeking out the broken-hearted, wiping the tear from the eye of the fatherless and widow, and those who have none to help; in pouring in oil and wine into the wounds of the bleeding traveller; in providing for the sick and needy; in educating the ignorant, and setting them a praise-worthy example; conducting their own souls and the souls of others on the way of salvation. Think of the fearful reverse of this picture; —destruction and unhappiness are in their ways. Envy, hatred, malice, and all un-

charitableness, dwell upon their lips. So far from doing good themselves, they try to deter others from good works, that the sufferer may still have his wounds in excruciating misery, and his mind a prey to despair. Because the worm of discontent eternally knaws their heart, they wish no one to feel happy; because their persons are bad, the handsome are denounced as wicked; because riches are denied them, the rich are abused, as the offscourings of humanity; because they are excluded from the bands of wedlock, wives are an abomination to the creation; because they are no longer young, they endeavour to make youth a curse to the possessor. What demon in the shades below can be worse than such beings! Old maids, if they will not purify their hearts and cleanse their tongues from defamation, should share the fate of ferrets, and have their mouths sewed up."

END OF VOL. I.